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HUSTLER®

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Cover photo by Clive McLean

HUSTLER®

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Your Senior Staff Photographer Ladi von Jansky did an excellent job obtaining the beautiful shot on the cover of your November '85 issue. I'm sure readers would like to see more bottom photos of the same model. She was truly outstanding.

—R. M.
Falls Church, Virginia

Take a peek at our December '85 issue. The November covergirl bares top and bottom in a sexy photo-feature, *Cory: Come Blow Your Horn*.

THIS IS NO JOKE:

I've had my fill of sniveling assholes who claim to be liberal, then proceed to bitch about a cartoon they feel to be racist. People do not act out stereotypes because their race is inferior, but because they haven't got the balls to be individuals. That's what makes it funny.

Larry, too many assholes are defining themselves as liberals by their political views or the color of people they defend. I need you to print this. Let's rub their noses in it!

—L. R.
Staten Island, New York

I am writing about a cartoon by Trosley in your November '84 issue (page 12). It was about a kid telling his parents he was a drug addict. It reminded me of my in-

carceration. Drugs are a serious issue here in Michigan and everywhere else, and you see many stern faces of important people condemning drugs.

People know of drug use, just like the cartoon kid's mother and father. But the boy's situation is like mine: They know, but they're not doing anything about it. I need help, but since my return to prison, there has been only one substance-abuse program here in 21 months. Sure, they're sending people to prison for drugs, but who's patching up the wounded?

I like your magazine for telling it like it is. That's why people hate you, Mr. Flynt, because you step on their dirty toes too often and too much. Don't stop now.

—K. G.
Kinross Correctional Facility
Kincheloe, Michigan

COLORING THE LAYOUTS:

All right, HUSTLER, where are all the photo-layouts with black, Spanish and Oriental ladies getting down with white guys? You're doing very good on your interracial layouts, something most magazines are scared to show. But, hey, I'm a white male, and I'm tired of white pussy.

—Kevin B.
Rhode Island

How come you don't have more non-

white women in your magazine? You have a fine book, but I get bored looking at those blond blue-eyed types.

—R. S.
Rock Island, Illinois

A friend tells me that American Indian people are very plain and unattractive. I've met some gorgeous Indians of both sexes. I hope you'll prove my friend wrong. And how about some of those red-hot Latins?

—Tony B.
Los Angeles, California

I usually enjoy HUSTLER, but I have a complaint about your November '85 issue. How could you put a beautiful white lady holding a nigger's dick? That was in *Revenge of the Prisoners*. In Alabama, where I'm from, that nigger would get a rope around his neck for fucking with a white woman.

—Too Cowardly to Sign
Alabama

Sexually, nothing excites me more than seeing two or more women enjoying each other's bodies. I've loved your pictorials *Tag-Team Lust* (January '85), *Floating Frenzy* (October '84), *Steamed Up* (July '84) and *A Crime of Passion* (June '84), to name just a few. All featured deliciously uninhibited lesbians! More recently, your two lovers Tish and Jasae in *A Love in Bloom* (June '85) were ravishing, with Tish licking and sucking Jasae's moist slit and firm tits. This was easily one of your best lesbian pictorials.

—A Loyal Subscriber and Lesbian Lover
Rockland, Maine

How about more photos of heterosexual ladies and less lesbians. Most men are interested in heterosexuals. Small, medium and large of all races, black, white and Orientals.

—A White Guy Who Likes
a Little Black Pussy Once in a While
Address Withheld by Request

Checking back through HUSTLER, we find a wide mix of all types of races and sexual combinations.

STARRY EYED:

As a woman who enjoys HUSTLER, especially the male-female spreads, I had to write to ask something. A few years ago you had a few pages with male celebrity nudes in your magazine. Would you consider doing another in the future?

—D. M.
Address Withheld

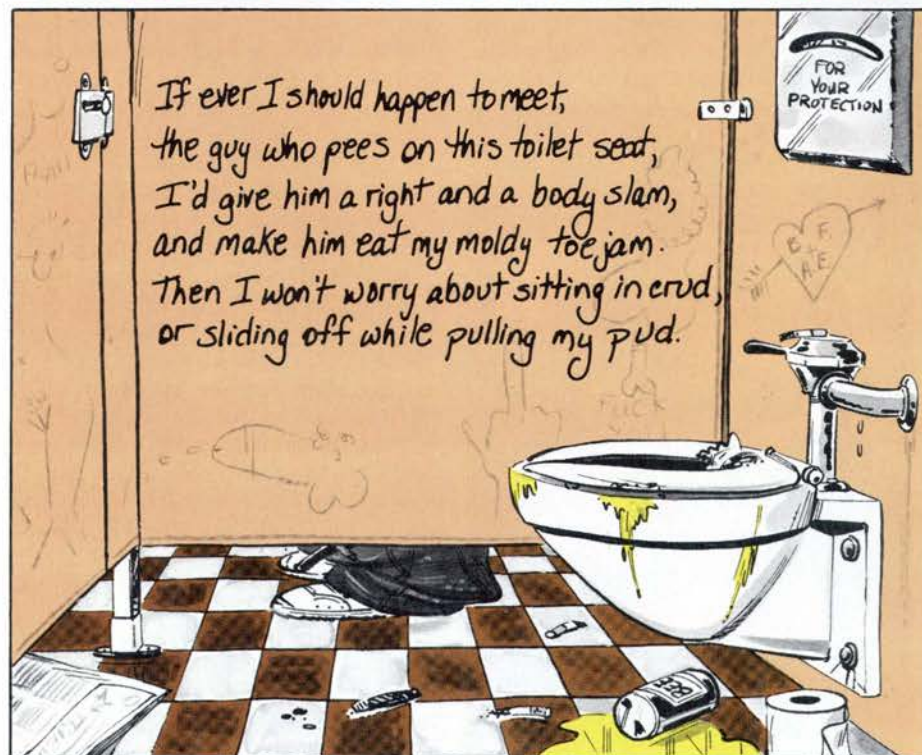
We always have our eye out for nude photos and film footage of striking newcomers and recognized stars.

NUTS FOR GINGER:

In your October '85 edition I really liked
(continued on page 12)

MARCH HUSTLER

GRAFFILTHY



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"It's his only talent. . . ."



LETTERS



ROYAL TREATMENT

There's not much happening at night in the small towns of Missouri; sometimes it seems like they roll up the sidewalks after dark. And when you're young and ready for action, usually all you can do is drink a lot of beer and fuck. It's certainly true where I live—out in the backwoods of Kansas City. For example, let me tell you about what happened just a couple of nights ago.

I was sitting alone enjoying myself at a quiet bar in my neighborhood—quaffing a few brewskis and casually getting blitzed—when I noticed several new faces in the crowd. One face, or chest I should say, stuck out in particular.

Standing all by herself was an extremely sexy redhead with big, round tits that begged to be squeezed through her skimpy red tube top. Her tight, black-leather pants seemed painted on, and her outstanding butt looked like an ass man's wet dream. You could even see her luscious cunt lips smiling at you through the delicate folds of her crotch.

I felt my prick snake its way along my leg as my lust for her grew stronger. She didn't seem to notice me, however; so after a few more beers I carefully got up to leave—trying hard not to let anyone notice my jeans sticking out in front like a tent. But as I slipped on my jacket and reached for my cigarettes, the redhead walked up and grabbed me by the arm. "Don't go yet," she purred seductively while eyeing my stiffening rod. "Things are just starting to look up. Have you ever been fucked by three girls at once?"

I nearly busted my zipper when she said that! I told her that I hadn't, but I was always willing to try new experiences. She smiled enticingly and told me her name was Linda. We chatted for a while and had a few more drinks before she suggested we head over to her place.

I was amazed at how nice her house was when we got to it, and as soon as we walked through the door, I noticed two unbelievably gorgeous gals in revealing

nightgowns sitting around getting stoned in the living room. Linda introduced me to Kris, a blonde, and Tanya, a black-haired Hawaiian. Kris was just as beautiful as Linda, with fair skin and soft, red lips. The sultry Tanya was built like a brick shithouse and stacked to the rafters with bounteous mammaries that defied gravity.

I sat down between Kris and Tanya on their plush, pink couch and tried to conceal my growing middle leg while we car-



ried on small talk about the Royals' come-from-behind World Series victory. Suddenly, the conversation turned to blow-jobs as the girls chattered on about their different deep-throat techniques, and by the time Linda came over and sat on my lap, I was as hard as penitentiary steel. She moaned for a second and wiggled her tight ass around on my beaver cleaver, and her wet lips met mine as we locked in a passionate soul kiss. Kris and Tanya started squealing, "We want some, we want some!" until we finally broke from the clinch, and Linda led me by the hand to a bedroom.

The room was dimly lit, but when my eyes adjusted to the dark, I quickly noticed a huge heart-shaped waterbed. Sev-

eral mirrors decorated the walls, and there was even one on the ceiling. Then I spotted leather whips, handcuffs and assorted other "marital aids" lying around. I began to have second thoughts about messing around with these three hot-trot bimbos—they seemed pretty professional—but when they started to peel off their skimpy attire, my doubts swiftly turned to throbbing, insane lust.

All three girls had wonderfully downy patches between their legs, except Kris, whose love nest was as smooth and hairless as a baby's bottom. Linda walked over, fell to her knees and unzipped my fly. The other two tore the rest of my clothes off while Linda pulled my pants down to my ankles. When Linda yanked my boxer shorts down, and my rock-hard meat sprang out like a coiled viper, all three girls cheered their approval. My dick was the biggest and hardest I'd ever seen it! I smiled proudly—as if I was always that excited—and wagged my tallywhacker in Linda's face. She responded by grabbing the shaft in one hand and gently blowing on the head. I was in heaven!

Kris and Tanya continued to caress my body from head to toe, and just as each leaned over to roll one of my hairy nipples between their lips, Linda started to tongue my turgid prick. When the racy redhead began to bob and suck like a newborn babe to a tit, I felt that familiar churning in my balls, and just as I was going to pop my wad down her saliva-coated throat, she pulled away and led me over to the bed.

Linda pushed me down on my back, with my blood-engorged dong reaching for the stars, and jumped on top of me like a bronco buster mounting a bull. Kris wasted no time in straddling my face as Linda sat down hard on my cream-stick. I looked up between Kris's shaved-and-dripping snatch just in time to see two pairs of thumb-sized nipples gently touch each other as the sex kittens met in a fiery embrace.

I'd just about forgotten Tanya until I felt my arms and legs being tied to hooks underneath the bed. The leather straps

cut into my ankles at first, but I was much too concerned about my cock at the moment to care. Linda continued to squat down on my ying-yang until all eight inches were buried in her cooze; then she'd raise up again until just the tip was inside her. At the same time, Kris rode my face until her cunt honey ran down my cheeks and onto the bed. I gasped for air and attacked her clit like a wild man. Moments later I was rewarded with a burst of hot liquid that shot out of Kris's steaming twat.

"Kris has incredible orgasms," explained Tanya, who moved over to take her place on my nose. "She can come like a fire hose when she wants to."

Tanya ground her slick slit all over my face while Linda began to scream with

my body, leaving a slimy trail like a snail on a sidewalk. Tanya positioned my bone at the entrance to her holy of holies and slipped it in. At the same time, Linda and Kris were busy licking Tanya's juice off my face and sucking my nipples. I couldn't wait any longer. Just as Tanya slammed down on my pounding prod and yelped in the throes of a delicious climax, I shot what felt like a quart of semen into her thrashing love-canal!

We spent the next two days fucking and sucking in every possible position, and when I finally went home, I was as limp and exhausted as an old dishrag. I called on the girls a couple of nights later, only to find that they had been raided by the vice squad. It turned out that the girls had been using the place as a cozy little

Let me first say that I can pass as a dead ringer for Lindsay Wagner—fair skin, dirty-blond hair and a tight ass—except that Ms. Wagner doesn't have 34DDs like I do. Since I've never munched Lindsay's snatch, I don't know how hairy she is, but I've got quite a thick bush. As a matter of fact, my boyfriend, David, calls it the "Enchanted Forest."

Although I live with Dave, and he gets anything he wants from me, my biggest sexual satisfaction comes from our black neighbors across the hall, Sonya and Rodney. Sonya is 25 years old, with huge breasts and a lovely Afro muff. Rodney's about the same age, attractive and has a ten-inch dick that drives me wild.

Our relationship started about three weeks ago when, after two bottles of wine, Sonya and I became lovers one night. We were quite drunk and, to be honest, I fell in love with Sonya's hairy snatch, which peeked out from beneath her tight, silk shorts. She reached over and pinched one of my nipples while I stroked her fuzzy mane.

Ever since then I've spent most of my afternoons with my face between her widespread thighs. She keeps herself squeaky clean, and her pussy is so juicy that my face is constantly shiny with her love liquid. I gulp and slurp, but never seem to stem the tide of her fuck-hole flood waters. Sonya also enjoys my big jugs and never seems to tire of playing with them. While she likes to munch my muff as much as I like to lick hers, she appears to have a real fascination for my precious boobs.

I fucked Sonya's husband, Rodney, a few nights later at her request—and with David's blessings. I was quite nervous in the beginning. It was the first time I'd ever let a big, black dick plunge into my sweet, pink pussy. But Rodney was gentle, and when that awesome monster of his split my meaty cunt flaps, I went crazy. He humped me with a slow, steady rhythm—never fast or jerky and always looking me right in the eye while he methodically pumped it in and out. It took me about 30 seconds to start moving my hips in time with his, but he just squeezed my ass cheeks and continued to ram that fire hose inside me like there was no tomorrow. When he came, I could feel his sticky sperm coat my pussy walls! He then pulled it out and made me lick and suck his beautiful cock clean. What a turn-on!

Since that wonderful evening, Rodney and I go at it three or four times a week. I suck him off, and then he plugs me for



"Tanya positioned my bone at the entrance to her holy of holies and slipped it in."

passion. Linda quickly spun around on my cock—sending shivering waves of pleasure through my veins—so that her back was to me, and suddenly I felt Kris kneeling between our legs and licking both my purple turkeyneck and Linda's jelly-roll. After a few more thrusts Linda squealed and came, drenching my fuck-stick and Kris's face. In the meantime, I was nearly being suffocated by Tanya's wet poontang on my lips while she continued to hump my mouth. When Linda hopped off of me, I thought I'd finally splash my seed, but Tanya reached down and grabbed me by the base of my rod. "Not yet," she hissed. "Wait for me!"

She slid off my face and moved down

whorehouse, but for some reason were giving me freebies! I've never found a group of women like Linda, Kris and Tanya to satisfy my needs, but I know that someday I'll find them.

—D. G.

Kansas City, Missouri

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

I'm writing this short note because my boyfriend and I are delighted with the *Hot Letters* section in *HUSTLER* Magazine. Now we can share all the sexual encounters that have turned us into real sexual animals and get the turn-on that millions of other people will read it and get their rocks off too.

"I opened my blouse and tweaked my stiffening nipples. Within minutes I was moaning with pleasure."



what seems like an eternity before that huge tube steak of his squirts. Dave even likes to watch as I make it with Sonya and Rodney, and every once in a while we have foursomes. I love it when I've got Rodney's stiff, black dick in my pussy while Dave fucks my mouth.

Sonya wants me to get some milk in my tits to suck out, but that means getting knocked up. I'm not sure if I'm up to it, but the idea still excites me. We'll just wait and see what happens.

—L. A.
Baltimore, Maryland

to a heartless rich bitch, but all that changed recently.

It all started when I verbally berated one of the up-and-coming young accountants in front of the whole office. I didn't have anything against Brad, and I didn't really care that he made some small mistake in his paperwork. It just gave me a wonderful sense of power to practically castrate this poor fool with

everyone watching. In fact, I actually thought Brad was relatively handsome—with strong, broad shoulders and what looked like a huge bulge in his trousers. Naturally, being new in the office, Brad couldn't do anything except hang his head silently while I bawled him out. At least I didn't think he could.

A couple of nights later I was working after-hours—trying to catch up on some work—when I began to think back on the past week. I giggled when I remembered all the stiff cocks that I'd caused and left stranded without the comfort of my hot cunt. My juices started flowing and, when I recalled the scene I'd made with Brad, I couldn't stand it anymore.

I pushed my sopping panties down to my knees and fingered my aching pussy. With the other hand I opened my blouse and gently tweaked my stiffening nipples. Within minutes I was moaning and grunting with pleasure as I neared my first orgasm of the evening. I fell to the floor on my hands and knees and stroked my swollen snatch while I pretended there was a rock-hard cock slipping between my legs doggy-style. Suddenly, the room was filled with a blinding white light as the flash of a camera went off in my face!

"Now I've got you, bitch!" said Brad, standing a few feet away. "If you don't want to see this photo all over Wall Street, you'd better do as I tell you."

I started to protest, telling him that a
(continued on page 28)

"He told me to masturbate myself while he watched, and I didn't hesitate. Despite my fear, I was like a bitch in heat."

CORPORATE SLAVE

At my master's request I'm writing this letter to share some of our incredible sexual experiences with your readers. First, let me describe myself: I'm a 26-year-old blonde with long, slender legs and firm, shapely breasts. Down at the Fortune 500 finance office where I work, I usually wear short but sensible skirts that accent my perfect ass, and soft, silk blouses that leave my braless boobs bouncing with every step.

People often tell me I should have been a fashion model instead of a corporate broker, but I learned early that men can be manipulated like clay when you've got a flawless body like mine. Of course, I never let guys get in my pants—I just lead them on until I get what I want. During the course of my career I've been called everything from a shameless prickteaser



FEEDBACK

(continued from page 6)

the interview *Ginger Lynn: X-Rated Superstar*. She's the most beautiful woman in the world and porn's greatest star ever. I'd give my left nut to spend just one night with her.

What a honey!

—R. F.
Indiana State Farm
Greencastle, Indiana

HAIRS TO SHEENA:

I have literally searched the world over for a magazine that portrays hairy, unshaved women. I was surprised that you not once but twice in 1985 (May's *Bare Ass Bar-B-Q* and September's *Sheena: Primitive Passion*) showed bushy models. Sheena was my favorite. I would like to see a bushy model in a bikini, spilling hair out of all sides. Sheena would have been ideal for that. I never looked at your magazine until now. If you stay with hairy models, you have a convert in me.

—K. K.
Austin, Texas

The September '85 HUSTLER had a woman that turns me on, *Sheena: Primitive Passion*. She is my idea of true lust. I like very hairy women, and she's the hairiest one I've ever found. To me, hair on the head and pubic area are average. But

with the hair on Sheena, any sex with her would be fantastic.

—B. S.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THE GAME'S AFOOT:

I am a nine-year subscriber to HUSTLER, and *Roxanne: Nightline* (January '85) and *Frances: Sun Struck* (August '85) were two of the most attractive women I have ever seen in the magazine. They both have beautiful feet, but they were not adequately photographed. We foot lovers aren't perverts, but rather individuals who are more attracted to women's bare feet than others. You don't hesitate to show a close-up of a cunt or asshole; so let's see some feet!

—Anonymous
Cincinnati, Ohio

PARTY TILL I DIE:

I want to say you've got the best fuckin' mag I ever laid my eyes on and, to show my appreciation, I'm going to walk to the gas chamber with a copy of it and rule all the ladies in hell! Also, dickhead Paul Cameron (the December '85 *Asshole of the Month*) has goop-gobblin' frog pussy lips. Fuck his mammy too!

—R. M.
Death Row, Maryland State Penitentiary
Baltimore, Maryland

GIVE HIM THE BEST:

I would like to know how I could get the BEST OF BEAVER HUNT. Also, how can

I subscribe to HUSTLER so I don't miss any issues?

—M. K.
Houston, Texas

You can pick up a copy of *BEST OF BEAVER HUNT* Volume 6 at your favorite newsstand, or use the handy order coupon on page 4. A HUSTLER subscription ad appears on page 8 of this issue.

GOD'S LITTLE HYPOCRITE:

I happened to pick up the March '85 issue of your blasphemous smut rag and opened it to the most sacrilegious and distasteful joke that just tells me what kind of a demon in human form you are. If your sick mentality thinks that joke is funny, then the joke's on you. Larry, sorry you made it through the 1978 assassination attempt.

In God's name.
—Mimi
El Cajon, California

I just want you to know that anybody who wishes bad to someone, such as what happened to you, is worse than any article that you have ever printed or what these people complain about. People complain about violence inside HUSTLER and then turn around and wish you were shot in the head instead of the belly. Is that ignorance, or what?

—Keith
Address Withheld

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



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—Vincent M. Del Monte
Director of Marketing



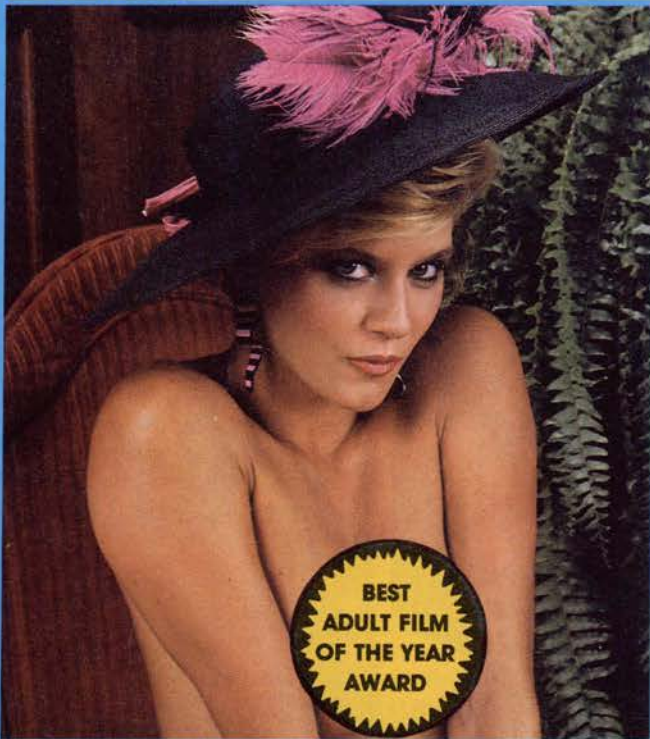
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 BROWN SUGAR | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 TRINITY BROWN |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 DEEP THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 SCOUNDRELS |
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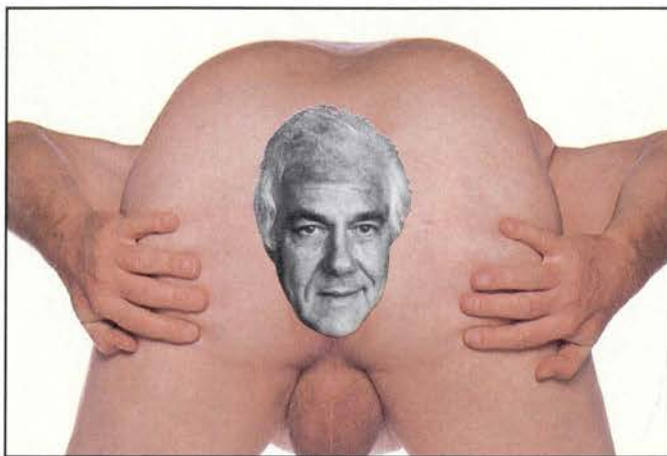
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

How would you like to have your lifestyle and relationships publicly exposed and judicially examined over a questionable legal issue? You'd probably want to have a go at the headline-hungry lawyer who'd invite the courts to invade and control your life in return for his own publicity. Don't be surprised if the lawyer in such a case is Asshole of the Month Marvin M. Mitchelson.

This loathsome shitball clings like a tick to the legal system, noising his way into *People* magazine by ballyhooing cases he files over what he admits are moral and sociological topics. At press time his latest dung-scented blast of legal hot air—with possible dire consequences for our freedoms—is the case of dear dead Rock Hudson's forlorn lover, Marc Christian. Despite medical tests that show the fag doesn't have AIDS, Christian is having a hissy because he wasn't told about Rock's ailment.

Up festers Mitchelson like a boil to ask the courts to make it our legal duty to disclose information about our personal health. Doctors are also named

Marvin M. Mitchelson



in the suit—will this mean a challenge to the longstanding judicial respect for doctor-patient confidentiality?

Perhaps the Los Angeles legal beagle was too busy imagining his name in the papers to consider the effects his actions could have on every citizen, as we are all bound by the same legal decisions. This skidmark on society's underwear hasn't

even learned from the precedents of his own cases. He's the mouthpiece who won exactly zero dollars for Michelle Triola in her palimony suit against Lee Marvin. The original trial determined that none of the major monetary claims Mitchelson dragged before the court had merit, but did agree to award his client some money for rehabilitation. The appellate court deleted even that small victory, saying all

Mitchelson showed was that the actor had money and Triola needed some, but not that she deserved any. So their personal and financial revelations served only to support Mitchelson's self-promotion.

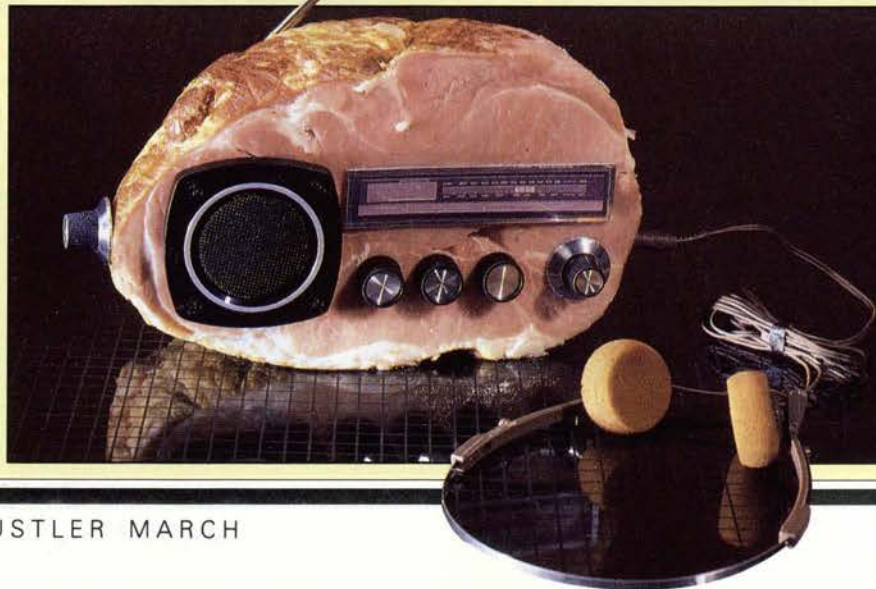
Credit the courts for turning down the chance to impose their right to determine "the nature of the relationship" or give "judicial approval" to lifestyles, as Mitchelson suggested they do. Let's hope the courts similarly see through other flimsy challenges to citizen's rights.

It's foolhardy to invite every dissatisfied partner in a fleeting human relationship to flood our overburdened courts to settle personal differences. Worse is the chilling effect of inviting the courts to set precedents governing our intimate activities, relationships and physical condition.

Our right to privacy seems easy for self-serving lawyers like Marvin Mitchelson to trample on. It's time for this drizzling cluster of hemorrhoids to be splattered by his own shit-slinging and recognized as the Asshole he is.

Ham Radio

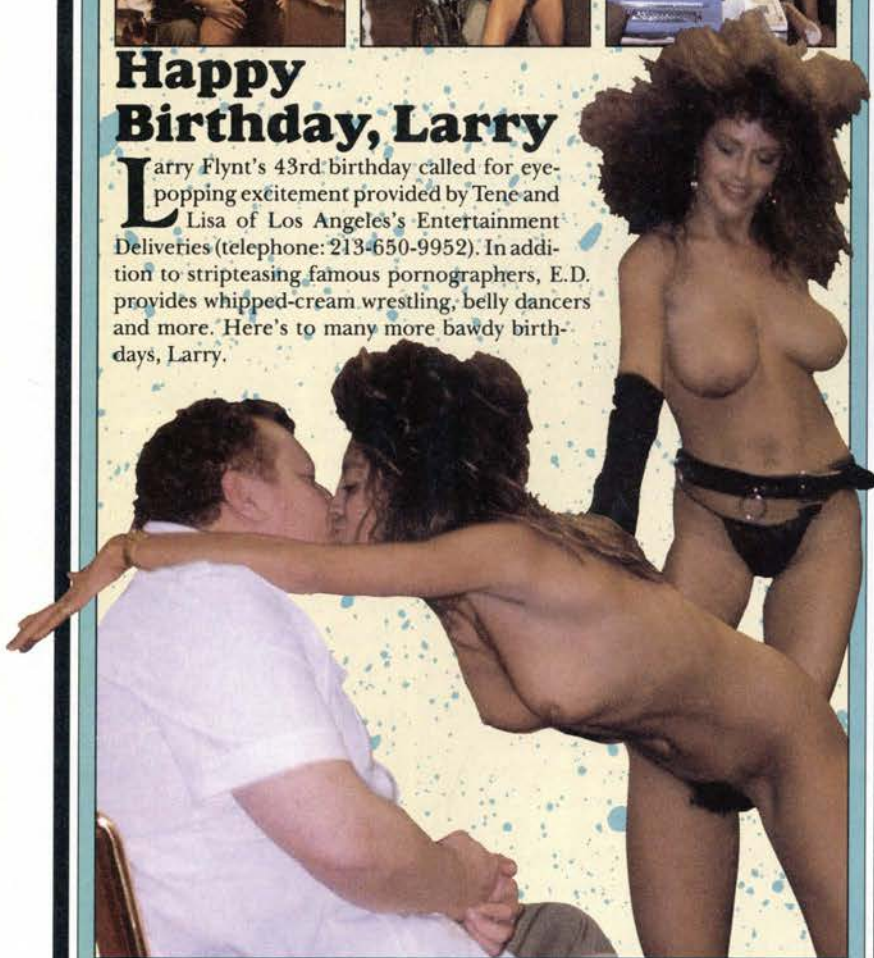
It's the meat with the beat, the ground-round sound. That's right—it's ham radio. This succulent slab of sonic sensations puts the average Ghetto Blaster to shame. So for Top 40, grade-A pleasure, put your money where your mouth is and stick it in your ear. Just think of all the little piggies who gave their lives so that you could listen to Madonna and enjoy a snack at the same time.





Happy Birthday, Larry

Larry Flynt's 43rd birthday called for eye-popping excitement provided by Tene and Lisa of Los Angeles's Entertainment Deliveries (telephone: 213-650-9952). In addition to stripteasing famous pornographers, E.D. provides whipped-cream wrestling, belly dancers and more. Here's to many more bawdy birthdays, Larry.



Porn From the Past



We're eagerly awaiting more primitive porn. Send those dirty old photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for any used. Please enclose an SASE if you want your pictures returned.

GREAT MOMENTS IN POLITICS



Chief Justice Warren Booger picks a winner.

Photo by PHOTOGRAPHY

Personal Porn

The ad reads: "Create your own, custom-made, hard-core X-rated videotape(s). We will help." This bold offer does not come from the classified pages of the *National Enquirer*. It's a real pitch from former porn star Marc "10½" Stevens to anyone kinky enough to go for it.

Stevens's Video X Project is a "radical concept in adult entertainment" that allows any Joe or Jane off the street to produce, direct and *appear* in a fuck video with their favorite erotic stars. Of course, it'll cost you—the brochure puts Video X's minimum budget for an individual tape at \$350.

For more information send name, address, phone number and signature certifying that you're over 21 to: Video X Project/Marc Stevens (496 La Guardia Place, Suite 246, New York, NY 10012). We don't want you to go off half-cocked.

MARC STEVENS

VIDEO
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On Your Knees, Kids

If kids pray in school, it's not enough to make them do homework in church. Every religious persuasion must be given equal time in the classroom. Why should little Billy pray to an anorexic Jew on a cross, when Billy's parents have raised him to worship Yog-Sohoth, Master of the Darkness? We trust that all youngsters can eventually enjoy learning the three Rs—reading, 'riting and ritual sacrifice.

Salad Days

Hot porn newcomer Robin in Cannes has a hell of a technique for tossing salad, as captured in this photograph by Scott Luttenberger. If by chance you're a fruit or vegetable man, this gorgeous gourmet dish has greens—and luscious melons—that are well worth munching on. By the way, if Robin makes you hungry here, check her out in either *You're The Boss!* or the just-released *Taboo IV* (reviewed on page 21 of this issue). She's mouthwatering.



High-Level Hijacker

In the wake of the *Achille Lauro* hijacking, President Ronnie demonstrates his "air-shuttle diplomacy" for dealing with terrorist demands, lending new meaning to the phrase "puppet regime." The presentation was followed by a Punch 'n' Judy show starring Uncle Sam and a giant bear. White House officials haven't yet stolen a famous movie title to name the project.



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Up Yours

It's finally back on the stands: the nation's favorite analog, *Proctology Today*. The brand-new edi-

tion's loaded with probing articles and behind-the-scenes features that will knock you—and keep you—on the seat of your pants. By the way, if you missed the first two, tough shit! There are no back issues.

Yuppie Abortion

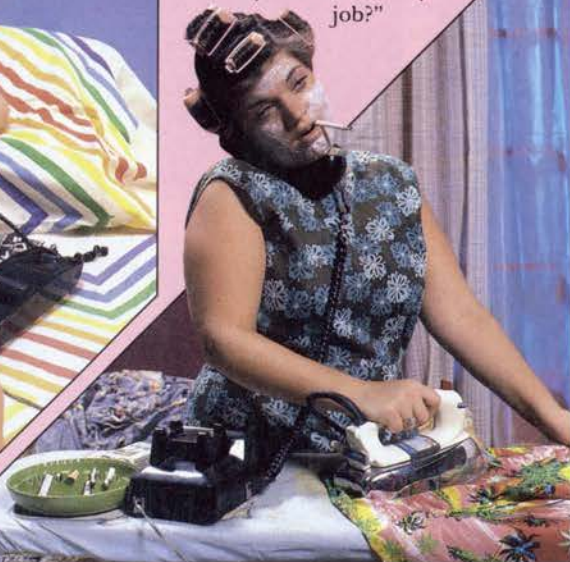
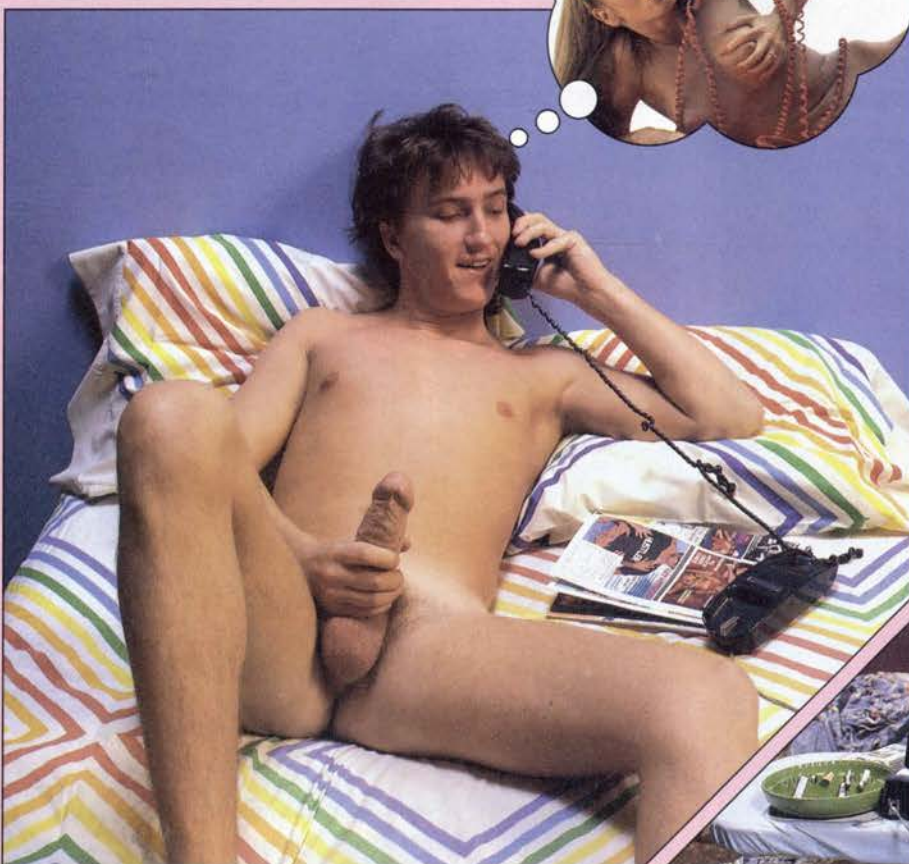
The loss of a child-to-be is a traumatic event. For the modern Yuppie twosome the episode can be downright costly too. Hospital expenses alone include a pretty penny for postoperative wine and brie, Billy Joel compact discs (mood music) and preferred parking for baby's BMW. A letter of

condolence from the Ivy League school the unborn genius *would have* attended is not a good return on maternity-clothes investment. The little guy/gal can recoup some lost value by hooking up with a Cabbage Patch kid, but the bottom line is to credit the loss to experience in the joint-ventures game.



Phony Sex

Ever wonder who you're *really* talking to on those phone-sex lines? Sometimes you're better off not knowing. As Verna Dempowski, better known as "Slutty Sue," puts it, "I don't really come when I talk to these jokers. If I could really have an orgasm, do ya think I'd waste my time at this lousy job?"





Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

March 1986

Thank Heaven for Little Girls

The Hague, Netherlands—A sex-legislation package soon to be considered by the Dutch government contains a surprise or two. Among other things is a proposal that the age of sexual consent be lowered from 16 to 12 years. Of course, the proposal specifies that minors are not to be coerced or seduced with gifts or promises. For *that* they'll just have to wait until they're older.

A Real Good Sport

San Diego, California—Marriage and family therapist Dr. Joann Bitner has taken an unusual step after losing her husband to another woman. She's forming a mutual-support group for women who are having affairs with

married men. Describing the woman who took her husband as "a nice lady," Bitner goes on to explain that it's important for "other women" to talk to other "other women."

There's One Born Every Minute

Bloomington, Illinois—A 19-year-old woman agreed to have sex with a total stranger who came to her door, after he assured her that he was a writer for a men's magazine and planned to publish an article about the experience. He also explained that she would receive \$850 for her efforts. The woman consented because, as she later told police, she "had a lot of bills and needed the money." Unfortunately, she never heard from the man again.

Make That a Large Rubber

Canberra, Australia—The Australian army recently purchased 541,000 condoms. As it turns out, the extra protection is for their guns, not their men. Because leak-and-burst tests indicate that the condoms can be safely inflated to a volume of more than 5½ gallons, they're being used to waterproof the gun barrels of tanks.

What's in a Name?

Newfoundland, Canada—Robert Elford has given up his plans for changing the name of his hometown. Elford was inspired by the residents of another village, Gay-side. Fed up with jokes about their sexuality, Gayside folks changed the town's name to Bay-

tona. However, many residents of Elford's village—Dildo—objected when he circulated a petition to change its name. Seems that Dildoids want to stick with the moniker. Perhaps the city is in a hard-to-reach place.

Conflict of Interests

Bangor, Maine—A few months ago the Reverend Jerry Falwell had some high praise for the Reverend Herman Frankland, leader of Maine's Moral Majority movement, declaring, "I think we should all applaud now his commitment to Christ." Frankland has since resigned as pastor of the Bangor Baptist Church after it was revealed that, in addition to his commitment to Christ, he had committed adultery with a church organist.

Most Tasteless Cartoon

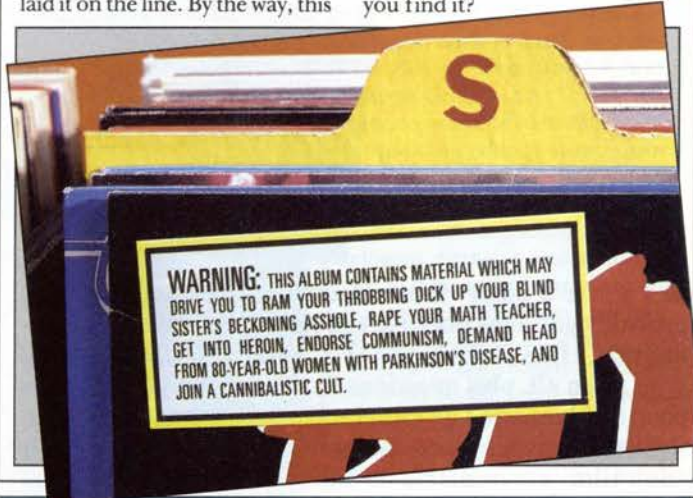


"Tonight Jake gets his favorite dinner . . . edible panties and a warm glass of menstrual flow."

Danger Sign

Perhaps the Washington wives and Parents Music Resource Center would be happiest if record companies laid it on the line. By the way, this

copy contains a secret "backward message" for the PMRC, just like on all those "satanic" albums. *Sevlesruoy kcufo g*. Can you find it?



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Frank S. Howard and Scott Luttenberger. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership.

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Entertainment

X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Taboo IV

Fully Erect. Produced and written by Helene Terrie; directed by Kirdy Stevens; starring Ginger Lynn, Jamie Gillis, Karen Summer, John Leslie, Cyndee Summers, Honey Wilder, Kevin James, Robin Cannes, Craig Roberts, Joey Silvera and Francois. Running time: 105 minutes.

Incest flicks have become so popular and numerous, you can



'Taboo IV': Robin Cannes dreams forbidden dreams in Kirdy Stevens's incest epic.

hardly turn around without bumping into a movie that has *taboo* somewhere in the title. Well, here's another one—but with a difference. *Taboo IV* is the latest in filmmaker Kirdy Stevens's immensely successful series that has probably done as much to spawn the glut of incest-theme fuck films as Ginger Lynn's pussy has done to promote hard-ons.

Sparkling with first-rate production values, this highly erotic, occasionally disturbing film boasts excellent photography, intelligent direction and a superb cast in a plausible story. Perhaps it sounds contradictory, but Stevens manages, tastefully, to achieve total titillation value from his sordid, endlessly fascinating subject.

The plot revolves around a psychologist (Jamie Gillis) whose specialty is incest. Though he presents an outward picture of stern morality, inside he battles his desire to experience rather than treat this taboo. After surprising his wife (Cyndee Summers) in bed with his brother (John Leslie), Gillis throws her out. This action puts their teenage daughters (Ginger Lynn and Karen Summer) in the uncomfortable position of having to

choose which parent to live with. It's a split decision: Summer goes with Mom, and Lynn stays with Dad. Guess what happens.

Though the plot is somewhat complex—Leslie is actually Summer's father, for example—the film's 105-minute length allows for adequate development of all its themes . . . and for a generous amount of steamy sexual activity, including a sizzling Kay Parker/Mike Ranger coupling lifted from the original *Taboo* and inserted here as a flashback episode.

In another sensational sequence, Summer fantasizes balling Leslie in the shower. Later, when she spies on Leslie and Summers having sex, Leslie catches sight of her and locks eyes with her while guiding her

Supergirls Do General Hospital



Half Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Jackson St. Louis; starring Raven, Taija Rae, Kristara Barrington, Kelly Nichols, Carol Cross, Ginger Lynn, Paul Thomas, Joey Silvera, David Scott, Ron Jeremy, George Payne and Jose Duval. Running time: 77 minutes.

Very pretty girls and some funny dialogue highlight this amusing farce about a big-city hospital. The reason, however, that *Supergirls Do General Hospital* is not nearly as good as it could have been—considering the talent



Karen Summer aims her lover at sister Ginger Lynn's pink target in 'Taboo IV.'

mother's head up and down on his bone.

Sex scene after sex scene pours from *Taboo IV*: Craig Roberts's talented tongue goes to town on busty Robin Cannes's clit, after which he dicks her into nirvana; Joey Silvera porks lusty Summer; an energetic fuck between Honey Wilder and Kevin James is followed by James's tender, passionate suck-and-fuck with Ginger Lynn. The film's emotional and dramatic highlight, of course, is the scene in which the tormented Gillis finally sticks it to Lynn. As he comes, they affirm their love by repeating impromptu marriage vows. Heavy.

Taboo IV is a stirring film by a gifted filmmaker that equals the notoriety of its predecessors. Don't miss it.

—D. O.

and script—is a simple lack of sexual imagination. The fuck scenes are just plain flat, and that's a disappointment.

The story follows superactress Brenda Brinkely (played by the ravishing Raven) from an exhaustion-induced collapse at a Manhattan S&M bar to a goofball-infested hospital staffed by horny doctors and hornier nurses.

Bent on keeping the celebrity at their hospital for publicity reasons—even though there's nothing really wrong with her—doctors Paul Thomas and Joey Silvera imprison the hapless Raven in her room until they've secured a \$3-million endowment. (Ha!)

So things proceed, and everyone is visiting Raven's room for a



Ron Jeremy porks Ginger Lynn in one of 'Supergirls' few hot scenes.

piece of celeb-ass, until one nurse (Taija Rae) agrees to switch places with Raven in hopes of being mistaken (and discovered) for the popular actress. This allows Raven to escape to the streets, where she's picked up by the same sleaze-clit from the S&M bar who's seen sucking cock at the beginning of the film.

Supergirls has a delightful sense of humor, evident by the almost-slapstick escape scene in which Raven is chased by the entire hospital staff. As far as the sex goes, though, only a pair of sequences merit comment. One involves a melting ménage à trois between Thomas, Silvera and Taija Rae. (Young lovely Rae is destined for porn greatness—she really puts out!) In addition to this, only the Ginger Lynn/Ron Jeremy tryst approaches any degree of true sexual-energy production.

Supergirls, even though it falls

a little short in the area of hardcore eroticism, isn't by any means a bad film. It just could have been—with a little more attention paid to the erogenous zones—a much better production for the money.

—H. A. Wallace

Blue Ice



Half Erect. Produced by Joe Repaso; written by Mark Weiss; directed by Phil Marshak; starring Jacqueline Lorian, Herschel Savage, Paul Thomas, Jamie Gillis, Danielle, Shanna McCullough, Helga, Ron Jeremy, William Margold, Adrienne Belaire, Francois, Detlaf von Berg and Richard Bulik. Running time: 85 minutes.

If there's one thing to say about this rambling, X-rated answer to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, it is that *Blue Ice* is often so stunning in its craftsmanship that it stands out from all the bland stupidity



Busty Helga plays an oversexed modern-day Nazi bitch in 'Blue Ice.'

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PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

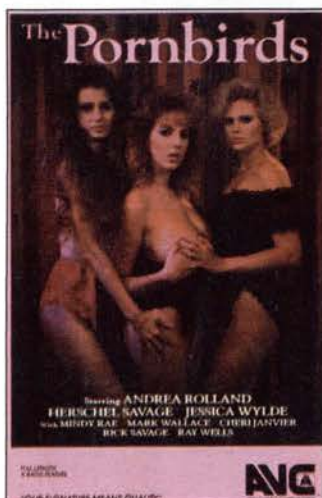
Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.



'Dangerous Stuff': Taija Rae readies her jugs for a load of cream.

The Pornbirds

(Adult Video Corporation) One great thing about this video is that it bears no relation whatsoever to the novel and television mini-series *The Thorn Birds*. Porn-

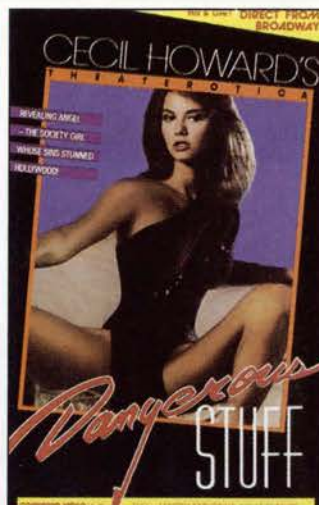


birds is a depiction of a group-encounter session at which four couples act out their sexual problem areas. There's plenty of fucking and sucking, and some of it is actually good. Blond newcomer Andrea Rolland provides a few intense moments, ravenously squirming her face into Jessica Wyld's twat; Cheri Janvier is fleetingly Ms. Excitement

as she's mouth- and pussy-skewered by Ray Wells and Rick Savage; and super-stacked Mindy Rae gives some indications of spunk. Unfortunately, there's too often a lack of sexual urgency in many of the couplings and triplings. When Wells says to Janvier, "If you don't like it, I'll stop," you may find yourself hoping she won't like it. —Allan MacDonell

Dangerous Stuff

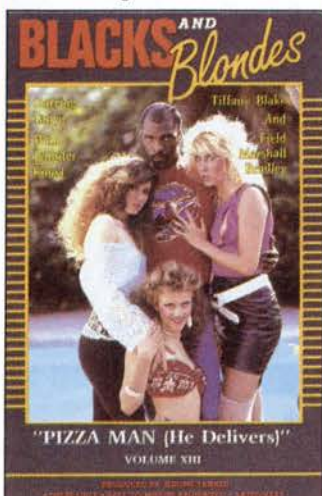
(Command Video) This full-length sex saga stars Angel, one of the prettiest girls in porn. Angel's fans will get boners as big as the Ritz watching her lengthy solo masturbation scene and listening to her little cries of pleasure as she rides Eric Edwards's cock. For those whose taste in porn queens runs to the more exotic, there's Tiffany Clark, got up like the whore of West Babylon, who sucks Edwards's dick like she means it; and Annette Heinz, who straps on a black dildo, rubs its head in cum (courtesy of her fuck partner, David Scott) and plunges it into Taija Rae's waiting cunt. And then there's Renee Summers, who gives as good an impression of a teenage virgin losing her cherry (to R. Bolla) as



you're likely to see. All these incidents—and more—are flashbacks of scenes from Edwards's life, which he is in the process of ending. He's in love with Angel, you see, but doesn't measure up to her strict standards. *Dangerous Stuff* is filmmaker Cecil Howard's video debut and, as in most of his works, he attempts innovation: In this instance he presents *Dangerous Stuff* as if it were a live stage performance of an erotic theater piece captured on videotape. Its different look (settings, props and furniture are minimal) may take some getting used to, but the sex is hot enough to keep you from worrying about things like the telephone with no cord. —Greg Lee

Blacks and Blondes, Volume XIII

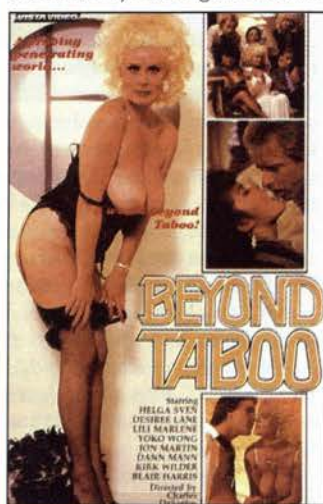
(Western Visuals) This 30-minute tape stars three girls relatively new to porn: Tanya, Tiffany Blake and Jennifer Knox. At



times they seem relatively new to sex as well. The opening sequence—a halfhearted nipple-nibble between Blake and Knox—is decidedly lackluster, and none of the three are particularly accomplished, or even enthusiastic, cocksuckers. Things don't really pick up until Field Marshall Bradley starts porking the girls with his sturdy black dick. There are some excellent close-ups of Knox's pussy being probed by Bradley's tool, and some great shots of clit-tonguing while Bradley plows pink in the same channel. *Blacks and Blondes* certainly delivers what it promises, but this cassette will probably appeal to those who are more interested in watching succulent white women balled by a well-hung black stud than the quality of the foreplay. —G. L.

Beyond Taboo

(Vista Video) In *Beyond Taboo* buxom, fiftyish Helga Sven turns



in a stellar performance as a hideously vulgar old rich-bitch douchebag who is at the mercy of her incestuous passions, as are the other members of her sex-simple family. This tape will definitely appeal to those who get off on seeing a swinging grandmother-type sucking the dick of someone who's pretending to be her son, and later taking it between the jugs from a guy who's supposed to be her brother. For those into nonkink scenes, *Beyond* features a new Oriental girl (Yoko Wong), a smattering of ass-packings, a boss/secretary interlude, a father/daughter encounter and a finale with the whole family getting together for a



Kimberly Carson's tempting twat is one of the main attractions in 'Lover Girls.'

fucking reunion. The action's well-lit, well-shot and plentiful and, while there's no plot, the fictional setting is intriguing. For those viewers who haven't yet discovered the charms of an older woman, *Beyond Taboo* may provide a whole new wrinkle. —A. M.

Street Heat Orgy

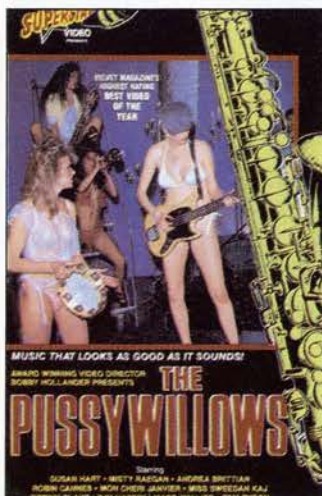
(*Erotic Rock*) Giving this video excrement even one beaver would be twice what it deserves. Not only is *Street Heat Orgy* not erotic, not well-produced and not loaded with even remotely attractive people, it's not even hard-core! The sex is simulated—no penetrations, no blowjobs, nothing but an occasional tit-fondle and spit-swap. The tape attempts to be a kind of carnal rock video, where the songs are played over visual images of eclectic titillation. Well, fuck fans, the music is ridiculous—pathetic cover versions of limp-wristed tunes like Olivia Newton-John's and John Travolta's "You're the One That I Want" and Donna Summer's "Bad Girls," to name a pair—and the visual images are downright annoying. Repeated shots of four ugly bimbos prancing topless around a sleazy club stage, intercut with frantic glimpses of no-name street urchins doing absolutely nothing of interest to anyone, make up most of this thankfully brief (about 40-

minute) exercise in video exploitation. Save your money, friends, and leave this one on the shelf.

—H. A. Wallace

The Pussywillows

(*Superstar Video*) Here's another pornvid about the exploits of an all-girl rock band. In this example of what may soon become an X-rated subgenre the Pussywillows, a musical group of down-home slatterns from Alabama, come to a big-city video studio to fuck their way to the top. Unfortunately, a bunch of chicks hanging their tits out and pretending to play musical instruments is less than arousing. We get a mild laugh when two of the girls put on beards and act like ZZ Top,



but no one really watches these videos to massage a *funny* bone. Also laughable is the dialogue; it's inane and halting enough to have been made up on the spot. To accent the positive, Susan Hart does contribute some sexy nude aerobics (though her fuck with Tom Byron is a disappointment), Marc Wallace does spurt a thick coating of jizz all over the lower half of Robin Cannes's face, and the video *does* end—finally—with a montage reprise of all the cum-shots. —A. M.

The Lover Girls

(*Video Exclusives*) This hour-and-a-half sexvid really makes you feel like a voyeur. Director Mark Curtis pokes his camera right into the thick of the action—exactly where you want to be—and then gets closer. The results are usually rod-stiffening, but in a couple of instances they're just



strange. (One shot is so close that Bunny Bleu looks like she's sucking a cock that's bigger than she is.) The premise of *Lover Girls* is simple: People at a party go upstairs to fuck. There are lots of guests at the bash, but only five sex scenes... although they are five *long* sex scenes. The two steamiest feature Kimberly Carson getting it on with Ron Jeremy, and Bunny Bleu balling Rick Savage. Bleu is extremely fuckable, and Carson's handling of Jeremy's 11 inches is amazing. The high-energy encounter between buxom Lacy Luv and David Sanders is marred only by Luv's less than adequate blowjob technique. Though *The Lover Girls* doesn't live up to its promise, it still packs a punch. —D. O.

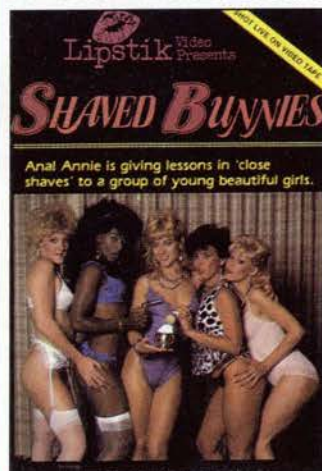
Mother's Pride

(*Diverse Video*) This well-shot, easygoing look at like-mother/like-daughter sexual misbehavior maintains a medium-to-high erotic simmer from beginning to end. Colleen Brennan, playing an upper-middle-class single mother, starts things cooking by eagerly taking a load of cum in her wide-open mouth from gardener Rick Savage. Hot-to-trot sexpot daughter Kimberly Carson brings matters to a boil by whipping some extremely photogenic head on pool cleaner Steve Drake, staring dreamily into the camera and slipping the viewer a sly wink. More people pop up during the rest of the video, but it keeps in the tone of these two scenes—nothing outrageous, just good, plain fornication. Fun and sexy, *Mother's Pride* proves that a ravenous libido is not only hereditary, but also contagious.

—A. M.

Shaved Bunnies

(*Lipstik Video*) The premier line of lesbian videocassette titles takes a mild jaunt off the beaten path with a special kink offering that will appeal only to certain tastes. *Shaved Bunnies* is just what the name implies—a visual adventure of razors, shaving cream and bare snatches. Combine the cosmetic sequences of the tape—where Nina "Anal Annie" Hartley shows her expertise at vulva "vacuuming" by wiping clean such formerly furry femmes as Rebecca London and Tiffany DuPonte—with some hot and



hearty beaver-munching, dildo-ramming and asshole-licking, and *Shaved* is worth a peek, especially if you're into unadorned female genitalia. In fact, you might say that when it comes to well-trimmed, all-girl lovemaking, *Shaved Bunnies* is a cut above the rest.

—H. A. W.

Hard to Swallow

(Paradise Visuals) Before they're dragged into any more cheap and dumb shot-on-video productions, veteran porn stars Joey Silvera, Ron Jeremy and John Leslie should seriously consider retirement. Three or four more *Hard to Swallows* and the public's going to forget these capable actors ever contributed to some of recent erotic history's most memorable films. In this obviously quickly produced video, Silvera plays a broadcast journalist assigned to interview Mike Muffmer-fictional "Stepfather of the Sexual Revolution," woefully played by Leslie. With Jeremy behind the camera, Silvera observes as Leslie puts on a sex-filled show for his audience, calling upon a wide array of lusty freaks who perform a variety of eye-popping acts. Among the highlights of

Leslie's living-room circus are a threeway, double-penetration fuck featuring Rita Ricardo, Tom Byron and Francois, and a delicious deep-throat of lengthy Jeremy by everyone's favorite orifice, Little Oral Annie. And in one of the more ludicrous sequences ever shot, Ricardo takes on a dildo-endowed dummy (as in mannequin) called Johnny Rubber. Ironically, the inani-

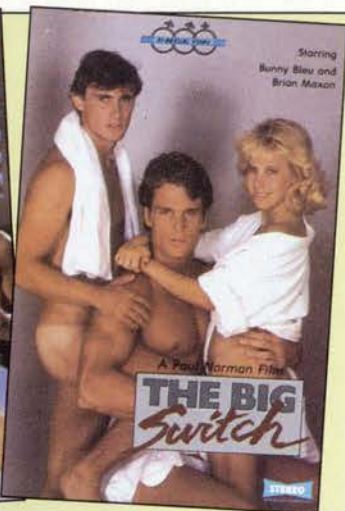
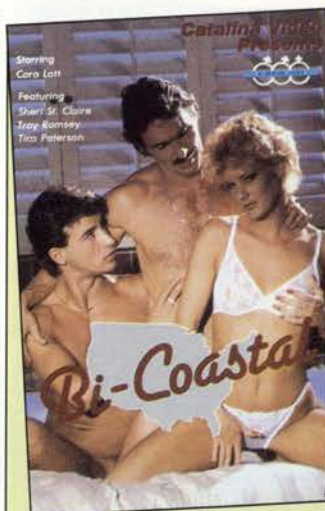


mate Mr. Rubber exudes more onscreen vitality than most X-cinema actors these days—including our three stooges in this vid. *Hard* is nothing to scribble home about, but it does have a moment or two. Check it out if *Miami Vice* is preempted some Friday night.

—H. A. W.

The Case of the Missing Beavers

In *HUSTLER*'s January '86 "Pornpourri" section we gave a sensational review to *Hollywood Heartbreakers*. Unfortunately, when it came to slapping down the Beaver rating, only 2½ of the furry critters ended up at the head of the review instead of the four this excellent vid warranted. Normally, heads would roll for such a mistake, but rather than fire those responsible for the dastardly deed, we came up with an even harsher punishment: We revoked their Beaver privileges for four weeks. But we are allowing them to ease their suffering by watching *Hollywood Heartbreakers*, a 4 Beaver video.

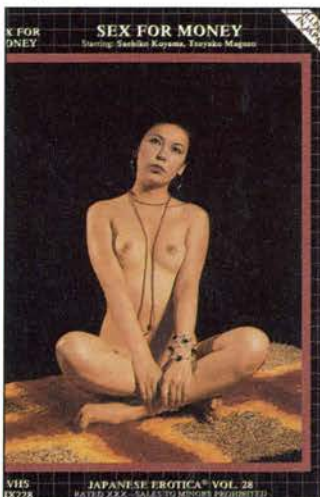


Bisexual Evolution

While lesbians licking snatches are standard in most adult films, male bisexual activity, except for cheaply produced videos cast with Skid Row lookalikes, has been strategically avoided. Catalina Video has changed all that. Aware that "sexual encounters with men" is the fourth-most-frequent hetero male sex fantasy, Catalina has entered the competition-free field with two titles: *Bi-Coastal* and *The Big Switch*. These high-quality, scripted productions feature attractive performers (Bunny Bleu, Cara Lott, Sheri St. Claire, Brian Maxon and Troy Ramsey among them) in sexual situations that run the gamut from boy/girl to girl/boy/boy. Two more titles, *Bisexual Fantasies* and *Bi Bi Love*, are in the works. If bisexuality is your bag—or if you're just plain curious about how the other half loves—these tapes may be just what the psyche ordered. For more info call Catalina Video at 800-421-3269 or, in California, 213-465-9105.

Sex for Money

(Orchids International) Though its production values aren't any higher than those of a standard



made-in-the-USA fuck tape, this Japanese import is blessed with above-average video quality. But the real news is this: It's a refreshing change from the almost-mechanical contortions the

porn industry has come to regard as sex. These people fuck for real! Okay, so it's just one couple, and things occasionally drag a bit, but the novelty of watching two people screw rather than perform is good for a hard-on or two (or three if you're into Orientals). *Sex for Money* is in Japanese with English subtitles, but once the humorous plot is set up, the conversation stops and the action starts. The distracting subtitles are replaced by pumping buns, bobbing breasts and gaping gash. Forty minutes later you'll be hungry for more. —G. L.

SEX VIDEO RATING GUIDE

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Standard video fare. Has moments.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> COME WITH ME, MY LOVE | <input type="checkbox"/> HOUSE OF LOVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CUMMIN' ALIVE | <input type="checkbox"/> I WANT WHAT I SEE |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> FIONA ON FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> MARRIAGE AND OTHER
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- ☐ NAKED CAME THE STRANGER
- ☐ NOSTALGIA BLUE
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- ☐ SUNNY
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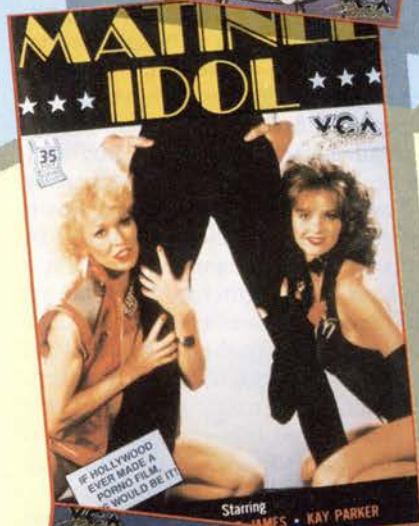
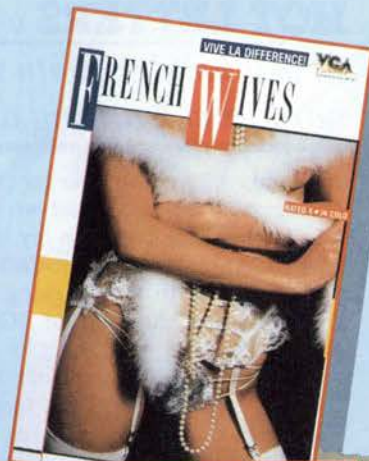
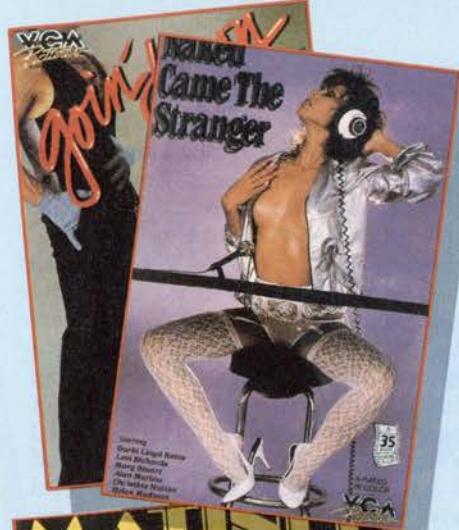
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"I was helpless, with my legs spread wide and a beautiful hard prick pushing deeper into my pussy."

photo like that could ruin my career as a businesswoman, but Brad wouldn't listen. He held me down on my hands and knees and quickly pulled down his zipper. "You're going to love sucking my dick, you shitty slut," he growled. "Open your mouth!"

He dropped his pants, and out popped the biggest penis I'd ever seen. It was huge! His large hands barely reached around it, and it must have been about ten inches long. He rubbed it all over my face, across my mouth and lips, smearing scarlet lipstick around the head. I was terrified, but I couldn't help but get turned on by this velvety piece of manhood throbbing in front of me.

I'd always fantasized about being at the mercy of a real man, but I didn't think one existed until that moment. I could feel my cunt juices run down my leg as I slowly opened my mouth, and he roughly rammed his meat down my throat. My cheeks bulged obscenely as he filled my mouth like a cork in a bottle. "That's it, you stuck-up whore!" he yelled, taking a few more snapshots. "Make it wet and slippery. You've got just 60 seconds to

make me come, or it's going up your ass. And you'd better not lose a drop of my load, or we'll do it all over again."

I began to bob up and down in earnest when I heard that! A dork like his would tear my anus like a hot knife through butter. I took his rod deep into my mouth and stroked the shaft with one hand while I fondled his hairy balls with the other. He started to groan and, just when I thought he was sure to blow, he pulled out of my mouth and looked at his watch. "Time's up," Brad grinned menacingly.

He told me to masturbate myself while he watched, and I didn't hesitate. Despite my fear, I was like a bitch in heat—aching for some sexual attention—so I spread my legs and lifted them as high as I could to give the young accountant a real eyeful. I pulled my pussy lips apart with one hand and gently teased my own clit with the other. The sounds of my fingers stroking and entering my own juicy pussy filled the room.

All of a sudden Brad rolled me over onto my stomach and lifted my hips up to meet his immense log. He raised my skirt up over my naked ass and placed his

poker at the opening of my slick vagina and pushed. He told me that I was his sex slave now and that if I didn't lie perfectly still and let him do what he wanted, he'd make sure every financial organization in the free world would get copies of the photographs he'd been taking.

Ordinarily, I can't abide being told what to do, especially in the corporate setting, but there I was, helpless, with my legs spread wide and a beautiful hard prick pushing deeper into my pussy than I had thought possible. It was torture not being able to return his thrusts. I ached to slam my hips into his to cause that rod to go deeper still. But everytime I'd move, even a little, he'd stop. "You're my slave," he told me. "You're not allowed to do anything until I tell you to."

He pumped his tool to the hilt in my slit a few more times until I was on the verge of a mind-shattering orgasm. Just as I could feel myself coming, he abruptly pulled out and ordered me to strip down to my stockings and black high heels. In seconds I looked like some stripper in a sleazy back-alley nightclub. He grabbed me and bent me facefirst over my desk and spread my butt cheeks so he could see what he was about to enjoy. In a frenzy he grabbed his magic wand with one hand and rubbed it between my legs to get it nice and slippery. "Put it in your ass!" he commanded.

Reluctantly, I grabbed Brad's pole and aimed it toward my virgin poop chute.

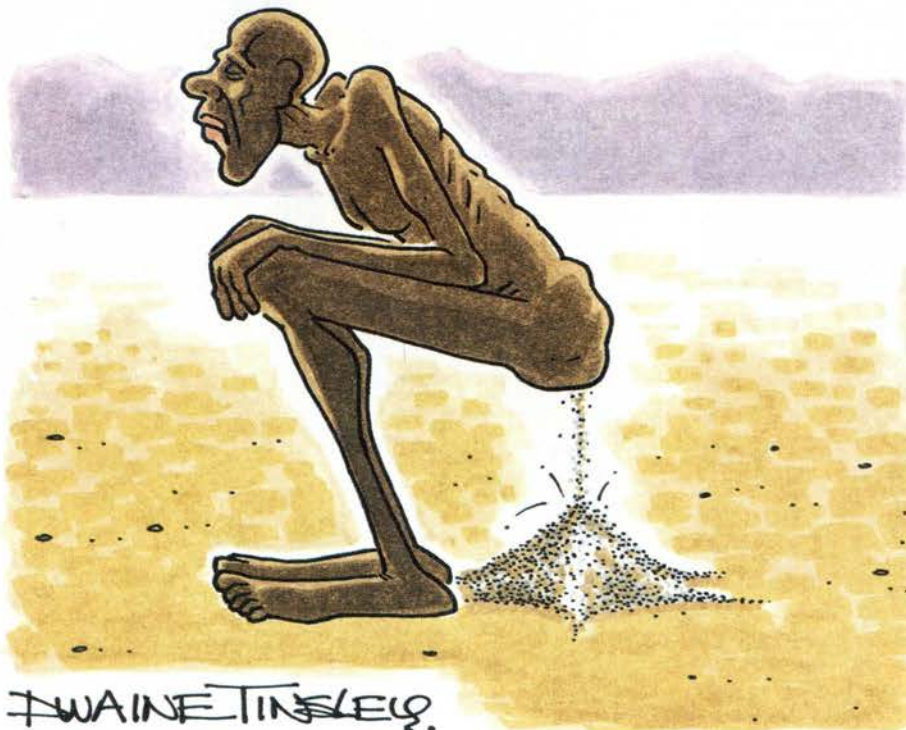
"This is for all the ball-busting and cockteasing you've done over the years," he yelled. I pleaded with him to just put it in my cunt, but he wouldn't listen. With a grunt his cock was up my ass as far as it would go. At first I tried to pull away because it hurt so much, but he held on so I couldn't move. When he slipped his hand around and started to finger my pussy, I wiggled around on his fingers while his shaft pushed deeper and deeper in my shit-hole. He humped faster and faster while I moaned in both pain and pleasure.

Suddenly, I felt my bowels fill with his sperm! He rammed his stiff member inside me until I felt his balls slap my buns, and he let out a scream. I felt myself blast off at the same time in an orgasm that sent me into outer space. We stayed coupled for a few minutes more before his limp dick slipped out of my bunghole and we got dressed.

I'm a lot nicer now to the men in the office. Brad still keeps the negatives to those pictures just in case. And besides, my new master says I'll get it up the ass again if I'm not!

—Ruth G.
New York, New York

AN ETHIOPIAN TAKING A SHIT

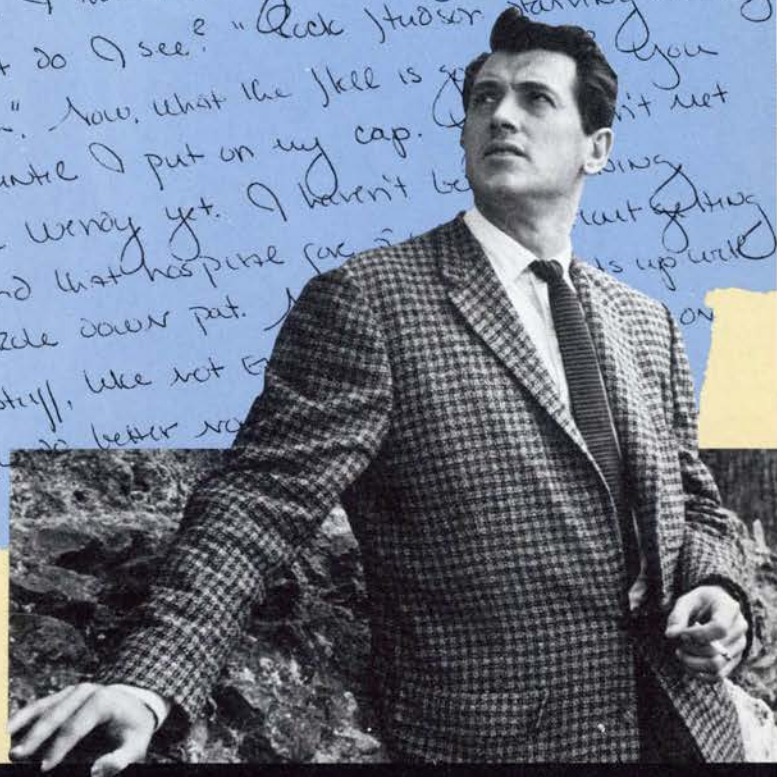
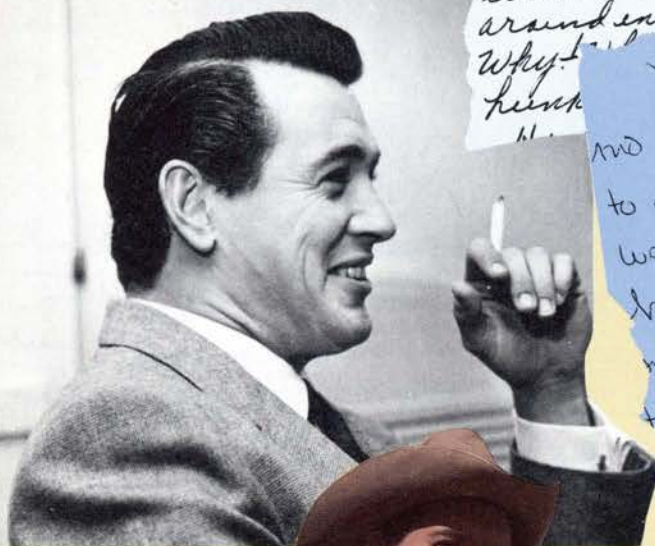


Send your *Hot Letters* to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Dear Rock

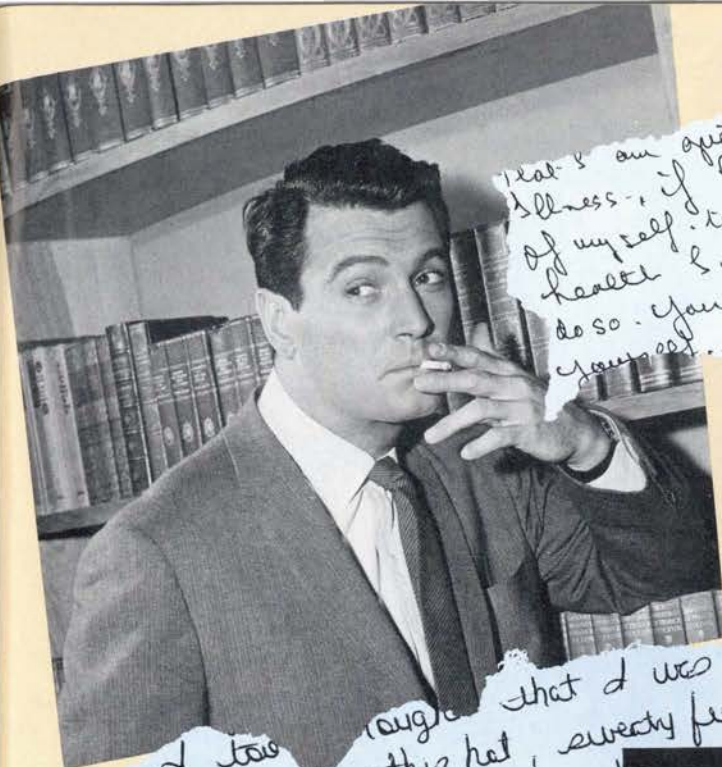
It'll need you
to remind, it's
once we were you
and movies, we
not embarrassing

Dear Rock Hudson,
 Since I've learned about your May you be
 illness I feel like I'm going
 around in a violent & whirlpool
 Why?
 Here I am standing in the grocery store line
 and what do I see? "Rock Hudson starving himself
 to death." Now, what the hell is going on? You
 wait until I put on my cap. I haven't met
 house wren yet. I haven't been
 around that hospice for 5 years. I'm just getting
 the role down pat. I'm up with
 no stuff, like not even
 you're better now



Right now Rock Hudson is playing the permanent role of either having a gay old time in heaven or getting the shaft in hell. Rock lives on in his fans' memories and in the headlines. But despite the public outcry of sympathy, no one has presented the actual wide range of feelings that Rock's fans—and others—expressed after his announcement that he had contracted AIDS. No one until now.

Rescued from the posh Beverly Hills garbage bin where it was unceremoniously dumped, this batch of correspondence shows the widespread concern about the viral killer transmitted by shared hypodermic needles, blood transfusions or sexual contact with someone who has the disease.



that I am given to know of
illness - if I could give you
of myself. to help you to see
health I would not be
do so. You have given so
yourself. to all your
Rock. Plea



very rare so, being very curious

I was shocked to discover that Homosexuality was a mal-functioning
the Endocrine glands (gonads) and I became furious that he was put
prison for a physical imbalance over which he had no control, and
solved then and there to try to do something about it and have, to
day.

We are all bi-sexual at birth, so Nature saw to this in her own way
required babies to have to suck vigorously at the breast, so that
determine the strength of the chosen sex so that Lesbianism and Ho
uality would not happen.

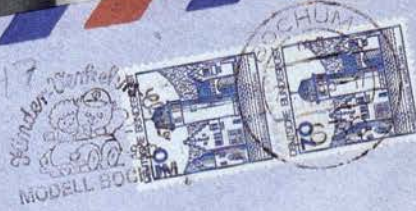
But very soon after this incident along comes Science, and delibera
put babies on bottle feeding, which was contrary to Nature, and le
the vigorous breast sucking with its determining sex capability and
for the rise in Homosexua

I thought that I was my
because I felt this hot, sweet feeling
whenever I scratched, my skin
red. I thought these were
I also had a sore throat
didn't get well with it
that the doctor prescribed
that my body could not
infection. I'd turned on
nervousness



MY GOD, AND BESIDE ME THERE IS NONE ELSE. TO
THAT WAS FORMED. NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY AFTER ME.
AND THE LAST, THE BEGINNING AND THE END, DECLARING FROM
THE THINGS THAT ARE YET TO COME!!! I HAVE NOT SPOKEN IN
THE DARK. PLACES OF THE EARTH HEarken UNTO ME. ANBIE YE SAVE
SIDES ME. THERE IS NO SAVIOUR WHY WILL YE PERISH. THE HEAVENS AND
EARTH ARE THE WORK OF MY HANDS. EVEN I HAVE CREATED THE EA
AND HAVE FORMED MAN UPON IT. AT MY COMMAND TEN THOUSANDS
GIONS OF ANGELS STAND UP TOGETHER AT MY REBUKE. I DRY UP
QWELL IN ETERNITY WITH HIM WHO IS OF A CONTRITE AND HUM
HEarken UNTO ME. ALL YE ENDS OF THE EARTH. AND BE YE CALL
SHALL BE PERFECT WITH THE LORD. THY GOD!!! THEN SHALL YE CALL
AND YE SHALL GO AND PRAY UNTO ME. AND YE SHALL SEEK ME. AND
FIND ME. WHEN YE SHALL SEARCH FOR ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART. A
BE FOUND OF YOU. SAITH THE LORD. FOR I KNOW THE THOUGHTS THAT
TOWARDS YOU. TO BRING YOU TO AN EXPECTED END!!! BUT I WILL N
WITH YOU FOREVER. FOR THE SPIRIT SHOULD FAIL BEFORE ME. AND I
WHICH I HAVE MADE!!! COMMAND YE ME HEarken UNTO ME. AND I WILL
OF MY SONS. COMMAND YE ME!!! HEarken UNTO ME. AND I WILL
WINDOWS OF HEAVEN AND POUR YOU OUT A BLESSING THAT THERE
NOT BE ROOM ENOUGH TO RECEIVE. I THE LORD LOVE JUDGEMENT.
BETWEEN CATTLE AND CATTLE. AND BETWEEN RAMS AND HE-GOATS. I TH
SEARCH THE HEART. TRY THE REINS. EVEN TO GIVE EVERYMAN ACCOR
HIS WORKS. AND THE EARTH SHALL BE FILLED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE
GLORY OF THE LORD. AS THE WATERS COVER THE SEAS. RIGHTEOUSNESS
RE AS THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN!!! IS THERE ANYTHING TOO DIFFICULT F
SAITH THE LORD. JUDGEMENT SHALL BE AS MIGHTY WATERS. AND AS A
TORRENT. AND THE WICKED SHALL UTTERLY PERISH FROM OFF THE F
THE EARTH. JUDGEMENT SHALL BE AS THE NOONDAY. MY COUNSEL
STAND. AND I WILL DO ALL MY HOLY PLEASURE!!! THE WORLD FAME
JUDGEMENT OF THE LORD SHALL SOAK THE CORE OF THE
"G. JUDGEMENT OF THE LORD SHALL ASCEND TO
"G. JUDGEMENT OF THE LORD SHALL ASCEND TO
"G. JUDGEMENT OF THE LORD SHALL ASCEND TO

PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL
MIT LUFTPOST



Rock Hudson
c/o Creative Artists Agency, Inc.
1888 Century Park East, Suite 1400
Los Angeles, Ca. 90067/USA

ing. Rock found this out from many religiosos, who-
uncharacteristically—were more sympathetic than
condemnatory.

Rock's last, lonely days must also have touched on
the lives of other lonely people. They felt compelled
to write, in several languages, but had nothing substan-
tial to tell the actor. He got family histories, how people
were doing in school and how they overcame a sinus
infection, bout of asthma or backache. Hang on, they
encouraged.

At HUSTLER we appreciate people who get right to
the point. Like those who asked Rock for a little
cash for a South Seas trip or just to pay the bills. One
Argentine woman needed a mere \$100,000 to send her
sons to college. A fund-raising letter for an AIDS-pre-
vention poster came with crude drawings of butt-fuck-
ing and cocksucking behind the international "no"
symbol. Nice touch. It probably opened Rock's eyes.

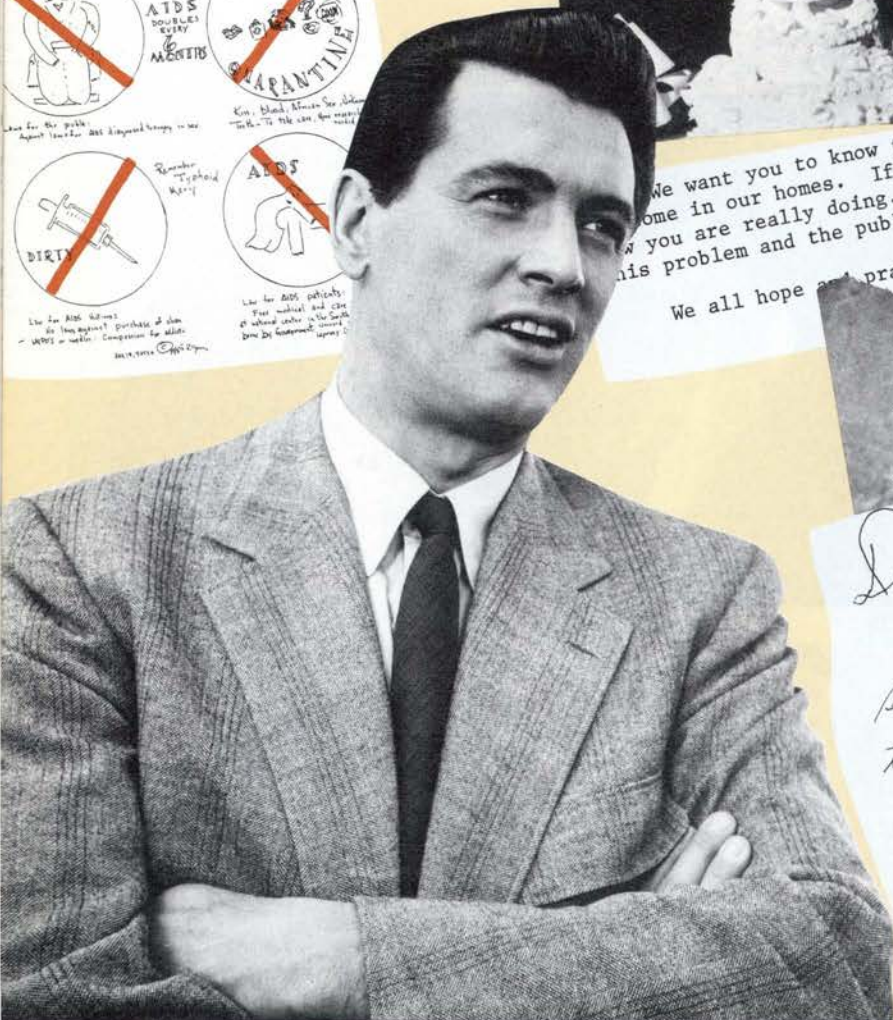
It wasn't only letters from people who had met Rock
for a handshake and fans who'd been writing for years

wing right now to live on welfare. I
 ve a daughter who deserves a better mother,
 an she has. Her father ran out on us before
 e was born. I can't even get ahead enough
 buy a used car. And have thought the
 est thing for my daughter would be
 me to ~~commit~~ commit suicide I feel
 t after hearing about all your problems.
 feel I have the courage as you do.
 go on with my life as long as
 s humanly possible. Thank You for your
 mass. Thank you for making me feel I
 I will always



Hey!
 How are you doing? I'm doing
 fine. How's the weather? It's
 here. A sure hope you'll answer
 Post Card. We you going to play
 "Dynasty" this fall or not? Can I have
 a picture of you, please? No
 today? You take care.

AIDS PREVENTION FIRST



We want you to know that if you are ever in the mid-west you are always
 come in our homes. If by chance you have any spare time please let us know
 how you are really doing. You have our utmost admiration to be able to deal w
 his problem and the public so well.

We all hope and pray for a speedy recovery and to see you back in the mo



Dear Rock,
 you have been my hero ever
 since I can remember. I refuse
 to believe that you have
 can not be overc... I believe ever
 believe that... Because



that were consigned to the trash. Friends who knew him
 as Roy Scherer and those who remembered a "special
 evening" also submitted their sentiments. The one
 letter—that's right, just one—that outright condemned
 Rock didn't appreciate his "sneaky and cowardly" ro-
 mance scenes: "Thanks for trying to spread your dis-
 ease to straights, jerk."

Some letters put Rock to the test. One asked, "How's
 the weather?" Another wondered if Rock could give
 Doris Day a call and let her know that the letter writer

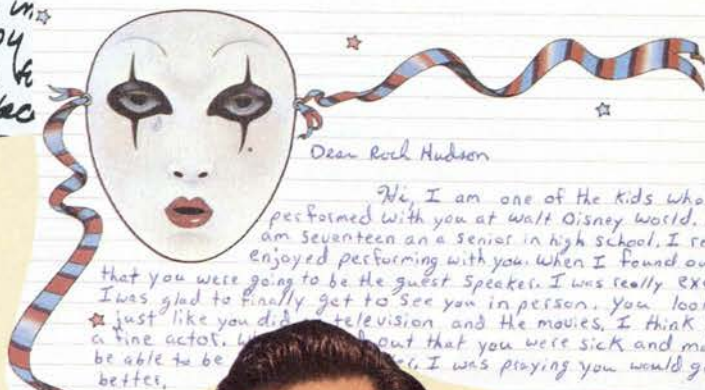
also liked animals. Hey, Rock wasn't doing anything—
 why not have him take care of a few personal errands?
Or just autograph some photos. Not everyone wanted
 an autographed photo of Rock. One of several Ger-
 man requests also wanted the signature of Perry King.
 Others would have been satisfied to have Rock scrawl
 on the pictures they sent. Then there's the woman who
 sent an autographed picture of herself.

Rock probably appreciated the solid advice for the
 future, like not writing about his love life, or that he



Dear Roy: I suppose you didn't call me, but the phone is out of order again and the repair service didn't come again.
I'm a little hysterical. I hate to burden you

but someone in
page 104
have been to
the hotel bar



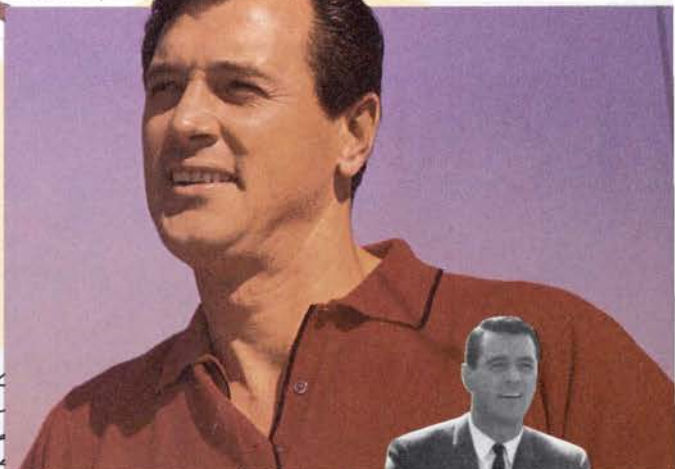
Dear Rock Hudson

Hi, I am one of the kids who performed with you at Walt Disney World. I am seventeen and a senior in high school. I really enjoyed performing with you. When I found out that you were going to be the guest speaker, I was really excited. I was glad to finally get to see you in person. You looked just like you did on television and the movies. I think you're a fine actor. I heard that you were sick and may be able to be better. I was praying you would get better.

Won't you help? Join the ever growing list of luminaries who are supporting this worthy undertaking. Ernest Borgnine and Frank Sinatra, Jr. have just signed on, won't you?

As you can see, the committee we've gathered is both impressive and dedicated. But to make our dream a reality, we need additional "clout," and you can help us. Lend us just a few letters of encouragement to share with the U. S. Postal Service. You can do -- big or small --

I just about every
put the clipping
have wrote to other
past and have got
it would please me very much to
get a personal hand written letter
back from you as a keep sake on
also to add to my collection. I
am hoping to hear from you.



the borders were close
am now an old pensioner.
I always enjoyed your films very much, also I once tried a
had some photos taken in one of the studios in Regent Street,
Mr. Paul Newman, also about 30 years ago I belonged to a club in Ken-
and there I've met Sidney Poitier, I always had a good laugh with him. A
have met Mr. Richard Burton, as the
cold.' He came especially over a ge
about that, I am glad that Miss Eli
that she is helping you so much. Al
even from the time she adopted her
also wrote a letter to Maria as sh
real parents. I wrote her a long l
gave her away, how poor Germany wa
Maria is learning German and will
bottom of her heart that they let
Now back to you, do not despair, I
and make many more films. I was at
thought any time will be her last
am getting younger and younger.
would like to meet you some day
well she can speak German. Fo




get strong again
ound my bed and
everyone says
o pray for you.
and Maria to see
a long letter. I
many

should give away his body parts—perhaps instead of autographed photos.

There were serious thoughts too: the woman who decided against suicide after she read of Rock's decision to fight for life; gay men with AIDS who shared Rock's hope for a cure; fans who'd give a part of themselves if it would help save him.

The miracle recovery might have occurred if only Rock had accepted the offers from people with supernatural healing power. One had cured the dread scourge


of stiff necks. Another said he'd charge the \$500,000 fee for his healing plan only if it worked.

At HUSTLER we believe that one man's dead-letter file is another million fans' reaction to a public-health scare made real by its taking someone we all knew. These letters—from people 12 to 85, from around the world—mirror humanity and provide a glimpse at how we react to tragedy and how we interpret the information dispensed by the media. Take a look at these letters, and take a look at yourself. 

BABETTE

Busting Loose



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is lying on her back, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a black fishnet bodysuit. Above her, the torso and arms of a man with a beard are visible, partially covered by the fishnet. The background is dark and out of focus.

Pity poor Babette. Living on an isolated Western ranch, she has to make compromises to satisfy her carnal desires. "I'm so sick of raunchy ranchhands and bowlegged cowboy faggots who just want to hop on for a seven-second rodeo ride," the bosomy beauty complains. "It would be so nice to find a gentleman who's interested in a little romance, the mushy hearts and flowers and foreplay stuff. But every guy I meet is into the same thing—tit-fucking. I guess I wouldn't mind so much if they at least *acted* like they respected me afterward." Though she dislikes being so utterly used, upon reflection Babette's mood brightens a bit. "Oh, well," she concludes, "at least I'm being treated like *grade A prime!*"













CONFESSIONS —OF A TEENAGE— LESBIAN

It took me six years of fucking women before I was absolutely, positively certain that I was a dyke. Some lesbians are born, but I was made, slowly and thoroughly, in my own crock pot of sexual adventures.

Now, don't get the idea that I ever called myself straight. I received a powerful omen at the age of 15 that convinced me that I was at least bisexual.

At 15 I was extremely unhappy that I had never been kissed. Never held hands, never been on a date, never had an invitation to even one lousy boy/girl party. Not only that, but it was 1974, and virginity was passé in Los Angeles. I was convinced that I was among a handful of girls in my ninth-grade class who hadn't gotten laid yet.

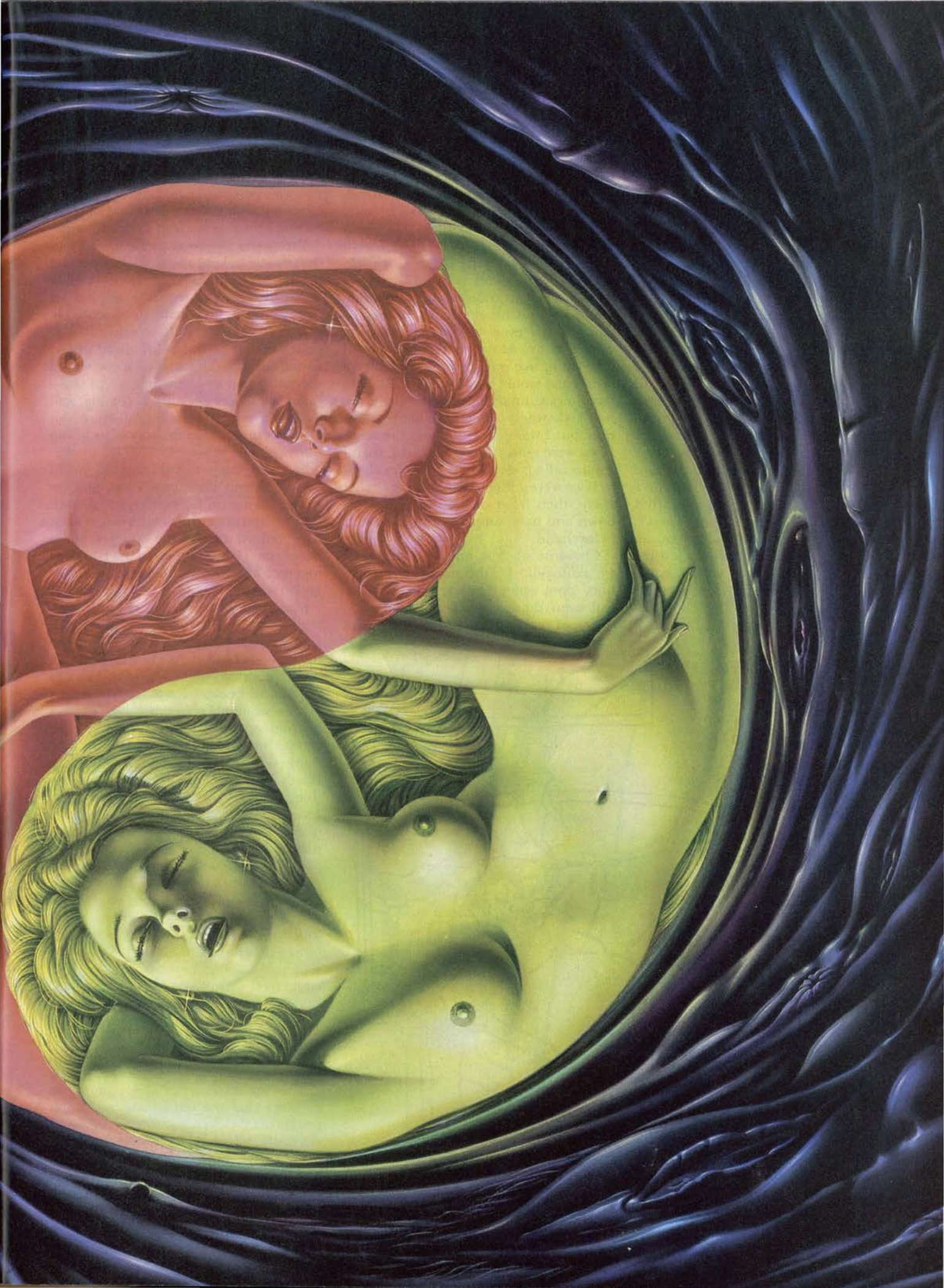
I had certainly been doing my homework for the big occasion. I read all the sexual literature that I could find. I became an expert at finding the sex scene in an otherwise plodding novel. I practiced kissing with my pillow and was anxiety-ridden over my changing teenage figure.

Like some dykes I've heard of, I was strictly femme from the word go. No tomboy background for me. I despised sports so much, I ran the wrong way around the bases. Dolls and dresses were where it was at. I was in tears at my First Communion because I was the only girl who didn't have a frilly lace outfit to make my historic appointment with Jesus.

When I finally took an interest in boys, it was completely sexual, since I sure hadn't been able to find any other use for them. I threw my Ken doll away and gave his clothes to Barbie, who had better things to do than make conversation with a dumb boy. Barbie doll and I were both getting dressed up, and psyched up, for the ultimate date, where

BY SUSIE BRIGHT
REAL LIVE DYKE

012/2421



TEENAGE LESBIAN (continued from page 43)

"After my first terrific orgasm I knew I was never going to confession again. How would I explain what I had done?"

the date himself was faceless, but the appointment was definitely for s-e-x.

Probably the best thing I did to get ready for sex was to masturbate, plus all the fantasies that went along with it. Unfortunately, at age eight I had no idea what I was doing. I was pretty sure that the devil had invaded my body, and only a long, dutiful session at church would cleanse me. My duty, however, did not extend to speaking to the parish priest about it. After my first terrific orgasm I knew I was never going to confession again. How on Earth would I explain to the father what I had done? Before or after my penance for not doing the dishes?

I had to wait until I was 12 before I ever saw a definition for masturbation. Little girls sure didn't talk about it. I never connected jerking off to what I would eventually do in bed with a lover. I made my baby-sitter tell me what *fuck* meant, but I didn't know what a lesbian was, except a nasty thing to call somebody. I remember finding a petition in my desk in the sixth grade, signed by virtually everyone in the class, that said,

"Susie Bright is a faggot." When you're a kid, you don't need to know what a word means to know that you've been scorned. I wish I had that petition now; I would hang it up with pride.

The summer before I entered high school, I met my first lover, Christine. She was French and lived up the street with a bohemian grandmother and an absentee father. Christine had blond witchy hair, brown eyes and a tight, brown, square body. Always barefoot in jeans that clung like sweat, she looked like a tramp and would knock people out with how literate, uninhibited and reckless she was. I was wildly attracted to her fearlessness, but I was the one to hold the reins. If we were going to go drop acid, then I had to call up my dad and tell him about it. If we were going to have an orgy in her room, then I felt obliged to at least sit down and have supper with her granny beforehand.

Christine was the one who suggested we skinny-dip in the next-door neighbors' pool while they were on vacation. But even though the family was away, they had recently rented their basement

apartment to an unemployed soap-opera actor, a Hollywood hunk about to turn 30.

In what must have been the biggest tease of all time, Dennis the Movie Star, as we called him, would come out with his mirror shades on to watch us play naked in the pool. We upped the ante by coming up to him, still unclothed, and pestering him with personal questions. The scenario moved inside when Christine suggested that he pay us to clean his apartment.

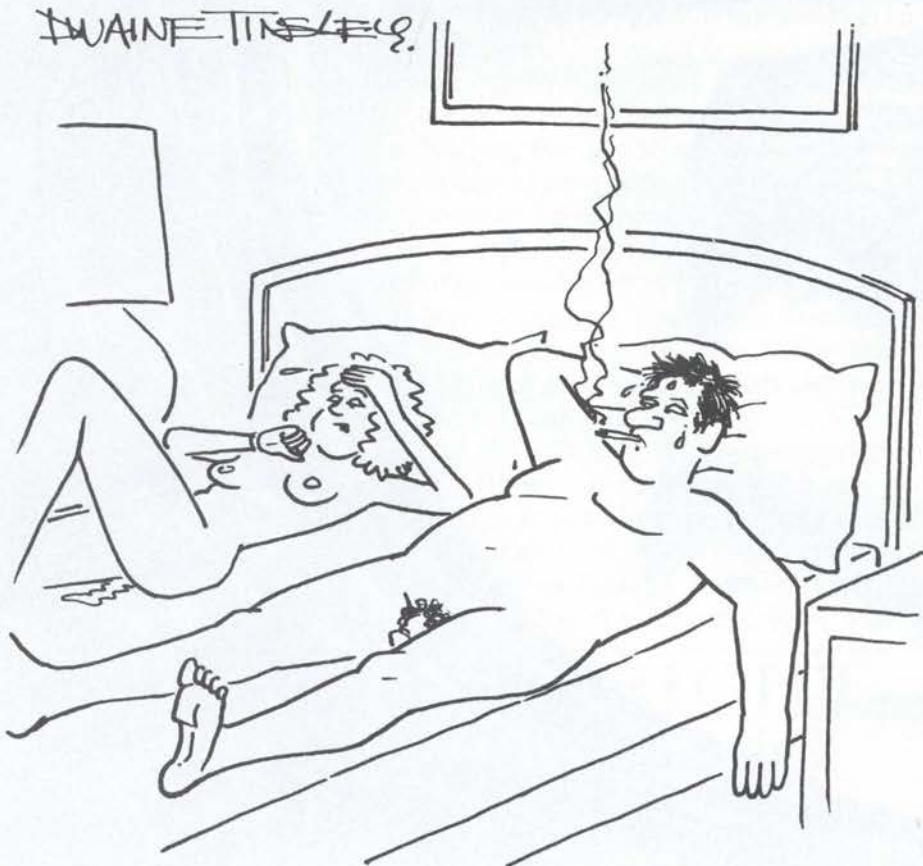
Pretty soon we were at Dennis's every day, mostly talking about sex, scripts and his health-food fads. He lied terribly about his age, and we stole and hid his driver's license to teach him a lesson. He retaliated by talking about our puberty-struck bodies and what lay ahead in our sexual futures. This sort of scene would inevitably end in pillow fights and wrestling. We all knew what was coming, and Christine and I were not about to let Dennis's guilt get in the way of us losing our virginity.

It finally happened during the World Series. Dennis had the TV on, and we were all lying on his bed, as usual, with our legs and arms entwined. I forget what triggered it; maybe the Orioles got a home run. Dennis squeezed the two of us together and said, "Oh, I give up. Let's get on with it."

We buried ourselves in a group hug and, when I looked up, Christine's fresh face was right in front of my eyes. She was the first one I kissed. As a nostalgic lesbian now, I wonder whether this first kiss was so fantastic because it was my first kiss or my first woman. I remember that Dennis's lips did not give me the same electric shock. But I really wanted him for one thing: our deflowering. I was ecstatic to finally be doing it. I wanted to do everything I'd ever read about, all in one hour. I was sublimely gratified when Dennis remarked that he couldn't believe this was the first time I'd ever sucked cock.

Our threesome was quite conventional, as a ménage à trois goes. Christine and I put all of our efforts into our shared male animal. We kissed each other and touched breasts but, curiously, we never went below the waist. Maybe if I had read something about how lesbians do it, I could have included it in my homework. But like the most innocent homophobe I really had no idea of what two women could do together. I had been so hyped up about the ultimate union of cock and cunt that it was hard to imagine anything else. It was also sort of disappointing to discover that the old in-and-out didn't get me off. I didn't play with my clit like I normally did while masturbating, and I would have been embarrassed if Mr. Movie Star had made any mention of it.

Christine and I made a good fucking team. Our experience with Dennis made



"Whew! That was the best 20 seconds of my life!"



"Dammit, Eddie, whatever happened to a simple fuck?!"

TEENAGE LESBIAN (continued from page 44)

"I came to think that lesbianism was a righteous response to sexism, a noble commitment that I identified with."

us very bold and enterprising to meet other men in the same way. Picking up a stranger might have been intimidating all alone, but the two of us could storm the available field. We insisted that the two of us came together with every sexual encounter. Most men were delighted; it was their fantasy come true.

When straight men fantasize about lesbians, or two women together, I think I know where they're coming from, because I used to be the stuff of such fantasies. Christine and I were young, soft and eager to please, just like the spreads you see so often in men's magazines. The lezzie pictorials are an invitation to a bit of gentle kinkiness, with the promise that your cock will come first. I think it's a great fantasy. It should be a classic, but surely it's been overexposed. You don't often see gay women doing it for themselves; you don't hear about *our* fantasies.

The first time Christine and I did it for ourselves was at the end of a long day of psychedelics. We decided to jump into a shower together and wash all the bad vibes off. Something about the euphoria of all the hot water and steam suddenly

made our below-the-waist barrier melt away. I moved from washing her back to sudsing up her pubic hair. There is nothing like a soapy, slippery, bubbly cunt in your hands. I started licking rivulets of water off her neck, and she continued the same on my breasts and stomach. It's funny to me that this is called queer, because to this day I can't remember feeling more natural. I felt this hunger in my gut to take all of her into me, to do anything for her. This was beyond "eagerness to please"—I needed it for myself. "I have to tell you something. I haven't been able to before. . .," she began.

I couldn't wait. I just knew she was going to tell me that she loved me, and I was going to return her love with all my—
" . . . I can't stand the way you kiss; you don't know how to kiss at all!"

So truly Christine, to not pull any punches. She proceeded to give me a kissing lesson. Even though I was offended, even though the intensity from the shower was dissolving, I was shocked by her criticism and took her lessons to heart. She let me practice a bit on her precious French mouth, and then it was over.



"Wow! For a prostitute you sure have a tight pussy!"

Christine never found out whether my lovemaking techniques improved. Something about that night, the manlessness of it, the emotion of it, drew us apart rather than closer. Christine started hanging out with bikers in Topanga Canyon and ripped off my motorcycle helmet as a farewell gesture. Meanwhile, I discovered the women's-liberation movement.

You know, some teenagers get into Bible-study groups, some go off into athletics, and a few, like me, get involved with radical politics. This is hard to imagine in 1985, but when I was in high school, there had just been a citywide school strike to protest the Cambodian invasion. Nixon looked like he was going to be impeached before he could resign. For your young feminist high-school student, we wanted out of home-ec and into wood shop. No bras, no dress code.

I got initiated into the local women's movement because a group on my campus organized an event-filled "Women's Week" to counteract the traditional "Girls' Week." "Girls' Week" was planned by the girls' dean to include powderpuff football, a mother/daughter fashion show and the prerequisite bake sale. But "Women's Week" was a different matter. The students proposed panel discussions on birth control, rape prevention and sexuality, including an appearance by a real live lesbian. After months of protesting and fighting, we got what we wanted, with the stipulation of a parental-permission slip.

The Lesbian Sex Panel was packed to the rafters with students who had produced authentic or forged parental-permission slips. I didn't realize it at the time, but the school's entire gay faculty, including the damned closet case girls' dean, was in the audience.

This was my '70s-style introduction to the gay community. I knew nothing about gay-bar life, and I didn't look old enough to even try. I came to think that lesbianism was a righteous response to sexism, a noble commitment that I identified with intellectually. I didn't connect the lesbians in meetings with the hunger I had felt toward Christine in the shower.

Just like I missed the connection between masturbating and making love with a partner, I once again completely missed the boat when it came to putting lesbian politics together with lesbian sex. Maybe I'll blame some of this on the first lesbians I ever met. They never talked about sex.

I passed feverish notes to my dyke classmate Sherry, but they were all about how "women are making coffee instead of policy" and only rarely about getting it on. Sherry once confided to me that her girlfriend Yvonne, who I was envious of enough already, was multiply orgasmic.



"Really? A pussygram?"

"I began to have affairs with all my girlfriends. They were 'liberated' and willing, and I was the happy initiator."

"She comes if you even look at her," Sherry complained. "I can't come at all."

I didn't understand that; I didn't think lesbians even concerned themselves with orgasms. Since I didn't get into bed with Sherry for another two years, I forgot about it.

Immediately after my fling with Christine I began to have affairs with all my girlfriends. They were "liberated" and willing, and I was the happy initiator. My crazy friend Beth will always be memorable. We used to make out in her bedroom, while her parents were just down the hall, and laugh ourselves silly because they would never suspect what we were up to.

Beth and I were shy in bed with one another, and this set the tone for my relationships with women for many years. We didn't play with each other's breasts too much because perhaps that might seem like some awful drooling man-type thing to do. We didn't penetrate each other because that must obviously be "male-identified." These hang-ups, which we thought were so politically correct, only succeeded in casting aside practically everything one could do in bed as the pri-

vate turf of "heterosexuals only." We might as well have gone to the Pope for advice. Oral sex was fine, of course, but since none of the women I seduced had ever even looked at their own cunts, it was sometimes difficult to jump into muff-diving.

Beth and I both were getting into some pretty sophisticated lovemaking with our men lovers, but somehow it wasn't ladylike to share this behavior with each other. Thank God what we lacked in boldness we made up in goofy creativity. One time we covered our pussies with salami and avocado and ate each other out. In bed with Beth I spent more time laughing than coming, but that still beat a lot of other bedtime stories I could tell.

Beth came up to me two years later at a large social function and exclaimed at the top of her lungs how happy she was that I had made her into a lesbian. I was somewhat taken aback, since as I said, we were not the most sexual couple, but I took the compliment anyway. Beth is now married to a man and working as a deputy district attorney in a large West Coast city, which goes to show that just because you come

out of the closet doesn't mean you can't change your mind.

I continued my career of fucking older, kinkier men and at the same time seducing my naive straight girlfriends. As I learned more about what I liked in heterosexual sex, I grew increasingly frustrated with the inhibition in my affairs with women.

By now I knew that I liked getting fucked if I could play with my clit, I liked fantasizing and telling stories while I made love, I liked anal sex, and I liked the rubbing and humping that came before screwing. I was also learning more subtle things, like how even though my nipples weren't very sensitive, I loved having my breasts be desired and worshipped. Or how I never got a physical kick out of sucking cock, but I sure liked the feeling of power it gave me.

With women I was now in the position of being the veteran dyke: "Susie Bright's Coming Out School for Young Ladies." Though at first I liked the thrill of turning on another woman for her first time, the novice response got to be predictable. Either she wouldn't stop gushing about how perfect gay life was going to be, or she couldn't look me in the eye the next morning. I could understand why some other lesbians thought that bisexuality was a pain in the ass.

Still, I had always been scared of "real" dykes, and I had yet to go to bed with one. What I thought was a "real dyke" were the ones who seemed masculine. Female masculinity was weird to me. I never considered that my fearful fascination might be an attraction. All my girlfriends were very fluffy and feminine; they made me seem butch by comparison.

Butch. The first time I heard that word was the fateful night I finally got my old high-school dyke friend Sherry in between the sheets. I figured if I was going to take the plunge with a genuine lezzie, Sherry would be a kind initiator. Was I ever wrong. She bewildered me.

"Don't try to make me come, 'cause I won't," she warned me before we even got our tops off. She started giggling like mad. "Don't you know it? I'm butch!" she said. And with that she sunk her sharp little teeth into my neck.

Who knows what would have happened next if her ex-old lady hadn't picked that exact moment to knock on the door. Sherry hid in the bathroom, locked the door and left me in bed with a Spinners record blaring. The visitor banged and yelled for Sherry at the door for a good 15 minutes. When she finally quit and left, Sherry packed me up and out of there before you could say "disaster area." Once again, my lesbian love life had been nipped in the bud.

(continued on page 78)



"Mom, what's the best way to clean sperm from a vagina?"



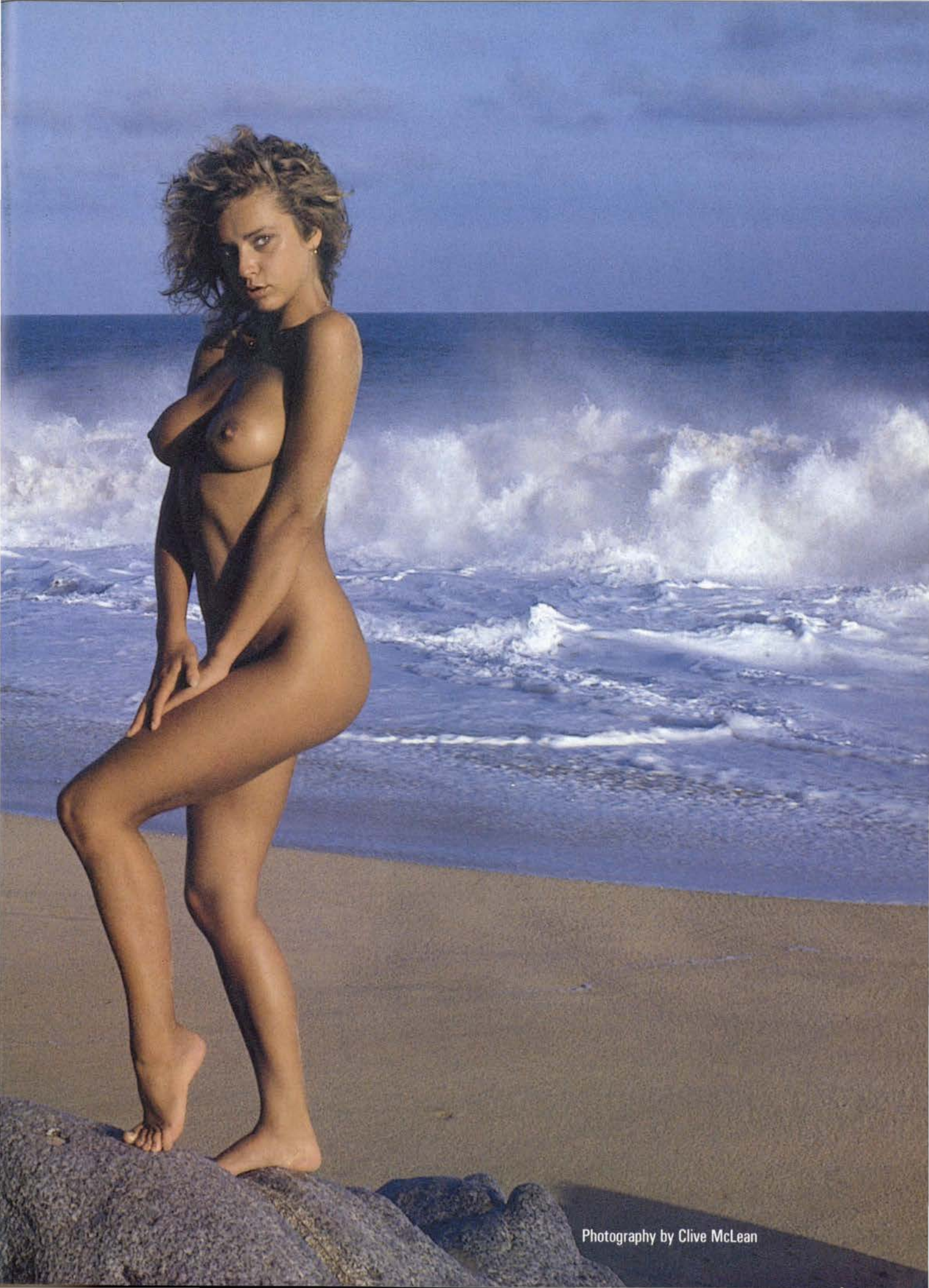
John Biller

"The wife and I are havin' a little tiff. Got any buckshot?"

SANDY

LIFE'S A BEACH!





Photography by Clive McLean





An erotic powerhouse who hails from England, Sandy prefers the climate along American shores. "The weather at home is a bit dreary, really," the British bombshell admits. "My personality heats up on these California beaches. I think they bring out the sex fiend in me!" She also favors the West Coast guys in the U.S. "With American men, there's none of the reserved aloofness I've come to expect from men in the U.K. While doing this shoot I must have been approached by a dozen beach-bronzed strangers." Sandy refuses to comment on whether any of their offers were worth taking. "Where I come from," she winks, "a girl doesn't kiss and tell."



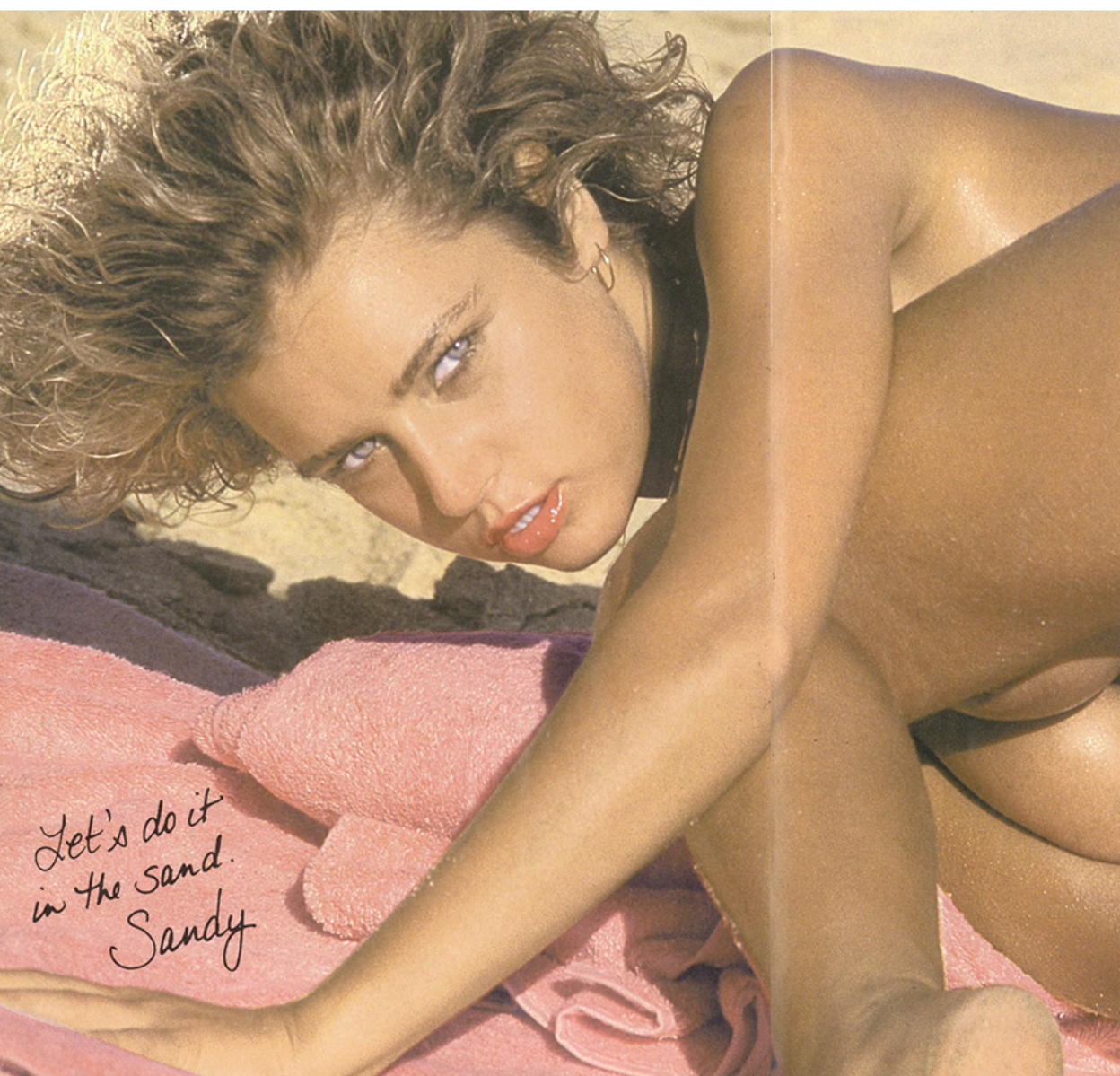












Let's do it
in the sand.
Sandy

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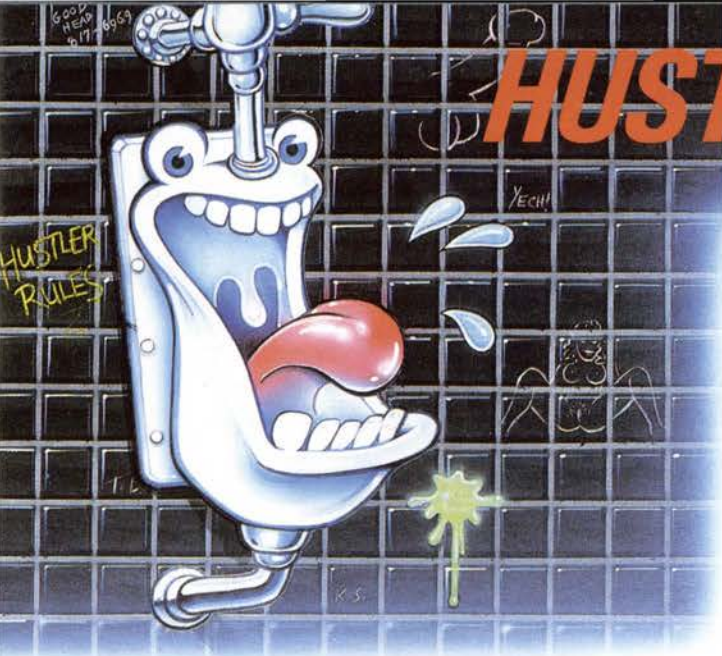
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HUSTLER HUMOR

On an isolated stretch of beach near Cannes, a beautiful French girl threw herself into the sea and drowned in despair despite a young passerby's attempts to save her. The would-be rescuer dragged the half-naked woman ashore and gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to no avail. Then he left the body on the sand and called the authorities. Upon his return he was horrified to find a guy fucking the corpse. "Monsieur," the first man shouted, "that woman is dead!"

"Oh, my God!" the second man replied, springing up. "I thought she was Jewish."

A man was walking down the street when he was smacked in the back of the head by an object thrown from a window. Furious, he pounded on the door of the house until a man answered.

"Who's in the bedroom?" the upset man asked.

"My daughter," the other man responded.

"And who's with her?"

"My future son-in-law."

The first man pulled a dripping-wet condom from behind his back and said, "Well, you'd better get up there fast, because I just got hit in the head with your future grandchild."

Question: What's the Reverend Jerry Falwell's idea of heaven?

Answer: A place from which he can watch everyone else burn in hell.

A man tied up his dog outside his neighborhood bar and went inside for a quick one. He was followed in by a black guy, who came over and asked, "Hey, buddy, is that your dog outside?"

"Sure is."

"Well, she's in heat," the black guy informed him.

"No, she's not," the dog owner replied. "I'm sure I tied her up in the shade."

"Listen, has she been bred?" asked the black dude, trying again.

"Oh, yes, I fed her before we went out."

The black guy gave up. "Let me just say, your dog needs to be fucked, pal."

"Oh, in that case, go right ahead," said the white guy politely. "I've always wanted a coon dog."

Paramedics rushed to a suburban house and asked the upset man who answered the door, "Is there a woman here with an electric vibrator lodged inside her?"

"Yep, it's my wife," replied the man, who'd been watching a football game on television.

"Oh, lord," one paramedic groaned, "those things can be a real bitch to remove."

"Well, please do something fast," the husband begged. "It's putting lines on the TV screen!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *abortion* as: a womb tomb!

Sally thought she had to do something to get her husband more sexually excited. So she took one of her nightgowns that was high in the front and low in the back and wore it backward, exposing her tits. When she came out of the bathroom and walked over to her husband, who was lying in bed, he didn't even seem to care. "Honey, don't you notice anything different about my nightgown tonight?"

"Yeah," he mumbled, "the shit stains are in front."

Question: What do you call Mexicans who've been in the sun too long?

Answer: Baked Beans.

Hal worked in a brewery, and one afternoon the foreman went to the company's president to break the news that Hal had got a bit careless, fell into a huge vat of fermenting beer and drowned.

"The poor guy. He didn't have a chance."

"Like hell he didn't," said the foreman. "He climbed out of the vat twice to take a piss."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Jewish-American Princess* as: a precious metal detector!

The farmer sat in the kitchen while the midwife waited by his wife's bedside upstairs. Suddenly, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp! The baby's coming!"

The farmer ran upstairs and held the lamp while his wife gave birth to a girl. Then he headed back for the kitchen. He got halfway down the stairs when the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp back! It's gonna be twins!"

The farmer rushed back in time to hold the lamp while another baby girl was born. Then he went downstairs again. He was pouring coffee when he heard the midwife shout, "Bring the lamp back! Here comes another!"

"No way!" the farmer yelled. "I think they're attracted by the light."

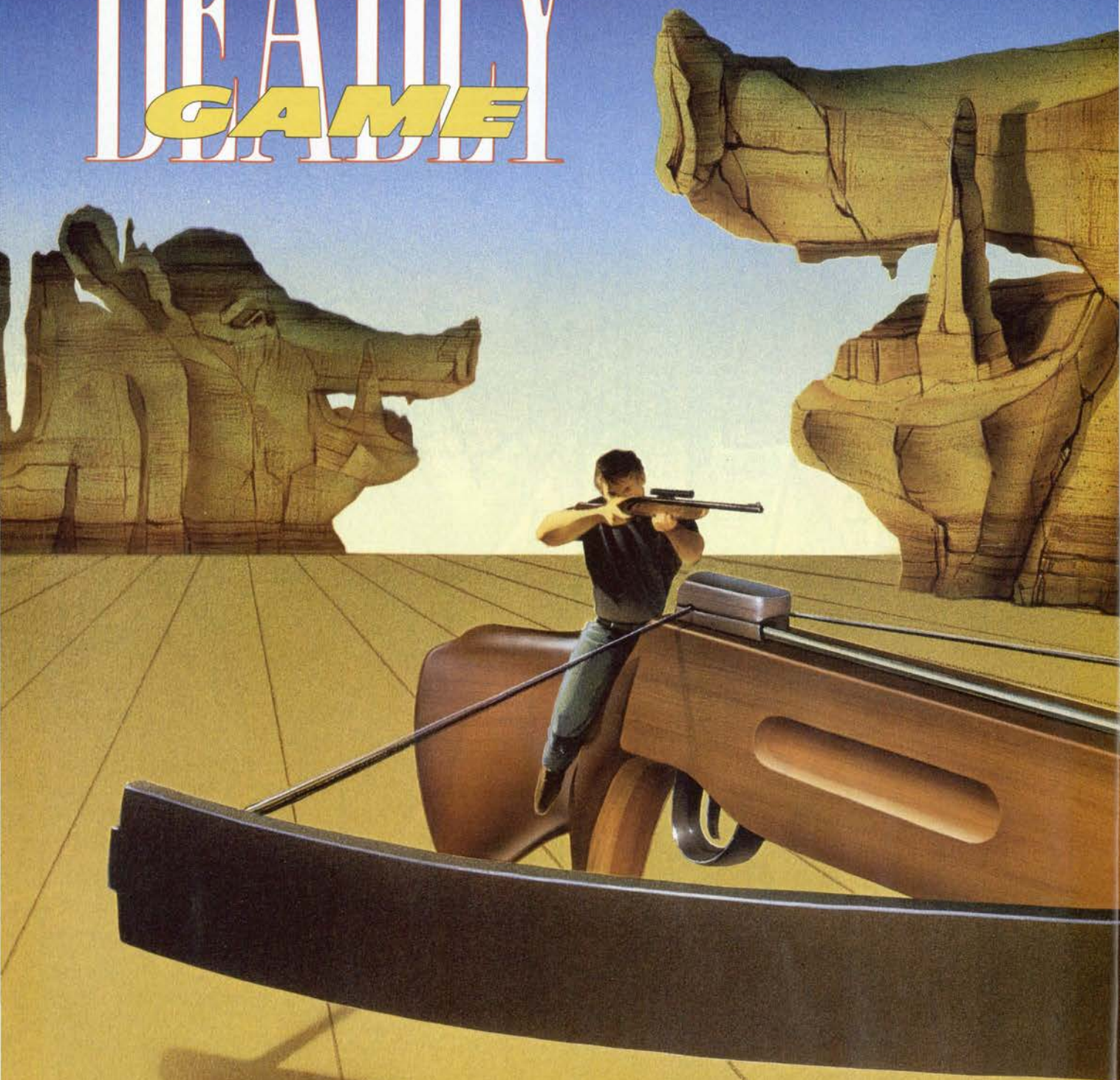
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester



"Howdy. I'm your new neighbor. Could I borrow
a few sheets of toilet paper?"

DEADLY GAME



FICTION BY DAVID ALEXANDER

Rogan often wondered if Chelsea deliberately flaunted her cock-stiffening body in front of him in seemingly innocent moments like these. While Chelsea dressed for dinner, her conical, pink-nippled breasts bobbed as she brushed the black hair that cascaded down almost to the dimpled cheeks of her jutting butt. Lou Rogan, lying on the bed behind her, took

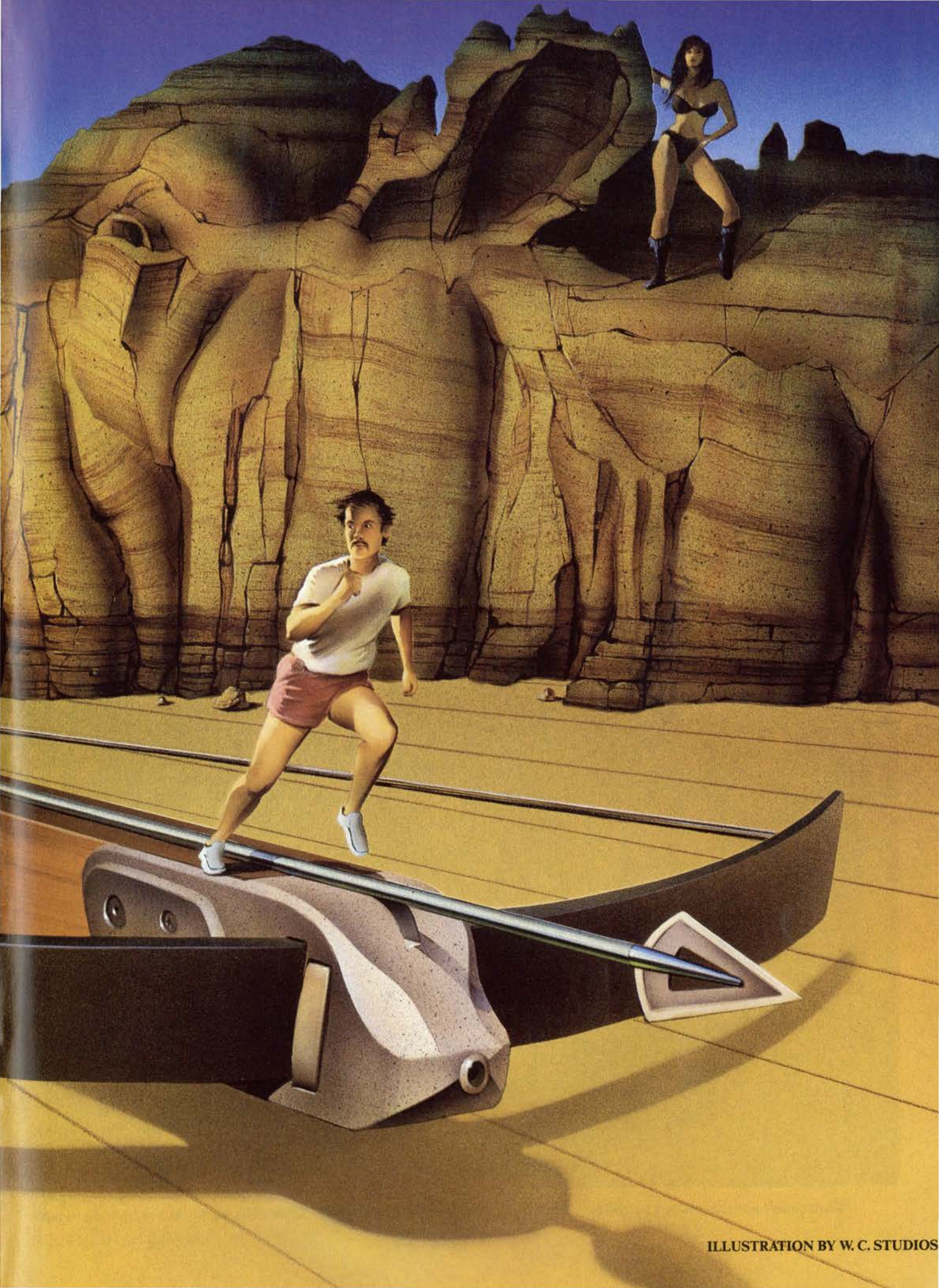


ILLUSTRATION BY W.C. STUDIOS

DEADLY GAME (continued from page 67)

Chelsea went stiff, as if his voice made her realize it was her husband trying to seduce her.

in his wife's stunning cupcake ass beneath her black-lace garter belt and spied a hint of curly black bush between her shapely, stocking-clad legs.

He wondered if this tease gave her a kick. It made him ask himself what she thought about at the odd times she condescended to let him fuck her. He pondered whether she ever really climaxed at all, moaning his name beneath his rolling, heavy body while she arched her spine and clawed his back with her long, sharp nails. Rogan never pursued such thoughts very far. He didn't care whether she loved him or whether he could make her come.

He hadn't expected a beautiful 26-year-old woman with a normal sex drive to love a bald, overweight, 57-year-old real-estate man that way. He didn't want passion. All Rogan wanted was someone to worship. His craving was to lavish Chelsea with all the beautiful, costly things his accumulated wealth could buy. For his offering, he could bask in the glory of those exquisitely rounded breasts, creamy thighs and heart-stopping buns. Occasionally he got to

bury his hard cock in the sweet velvety snugness of her dewy pink snatch.

He winked at her affairs with other, younger men during their two-year marriage. He could deny her nothing, not even the pleasure of sucking another man's cock, of having her thirsty cunt drenched with hot sperm that was not his own. Rogan had put up with the tennis pro at Malibu, the ski instructor at Vail and the beach bum Chelsea had picked up in the Caribbean. Now he turned a blind eye to Ross Murdoch, the Australian hunting guide they had engaged to take them on safari across the parched plains of equatorial Africa.

The trip hadn't been Rogan's idea. He despised the slaughter of animals in the name of sport. But Chelsea, bored in Palm Springs, had convinced him to take her to Africa, with Murdoch guiding them to wild gazelle in Botswana, lion in Chad, wildebeest in Zimbabwe and giraffe and white rhino in Tanzania.

Chelsea had been in ecstasy throughout the trip. Rogan didn't know if it was the pleasure of her many kills, or the cock she was getting regularly from their

manly hunting guide. But now he didn't care. He was worshipping her in the Nairobi Hilton, where they were about to join Murdoch in the restaurant for dinner. Tomorrow at the break of dawn it was off to hunt springbok, a small, fast species of prong-horned antelope.

"Let me help you, honey," Rogan offered.

He stood up behind her as she struggled with the clasp of her pearl necklace.

"There you are." He kissed the nape of her neck, inhaling her musky odors, and on impulse cupped her gleaming breasts in his hands while pressing his groin into her firm, cool butt. The taut yet supple flesh of her tits made his cock strain the fabric of his shorts. He moved one hand down her flat belly until it touched the wiry hair. Chelsea moaned softly, throwing back her head as Rogan nuzzled the warm spot just behind her ear. His finger moved over her aroused clit, then parted the inner lips of her cunt. Then it was inside her, warm honey pressing in. Rogan placed Chelsea's hand on the fly of his shorts.

"Now, baby!" he groaned. "I want you so fucking bad!"

Chelsea went stiff, as if his voice made her realize it was her husband trying to seduce her.

"Stop it, Lou!" Chelsea protested, struggling from Rogan's grasp. "We're late already!"

Rogan sighed, resigned the effort and got into his dinner outfit: a white safari suit that looked comical as it stretched over the bulge of his doughy gut. Chelsea projected a hot-bitch image in a clinging pink jumpsuit with a plunging neckline. Revealing more than a hint of ample cleavage, it was sheer enough to show her dark bush and the crack of her ass.

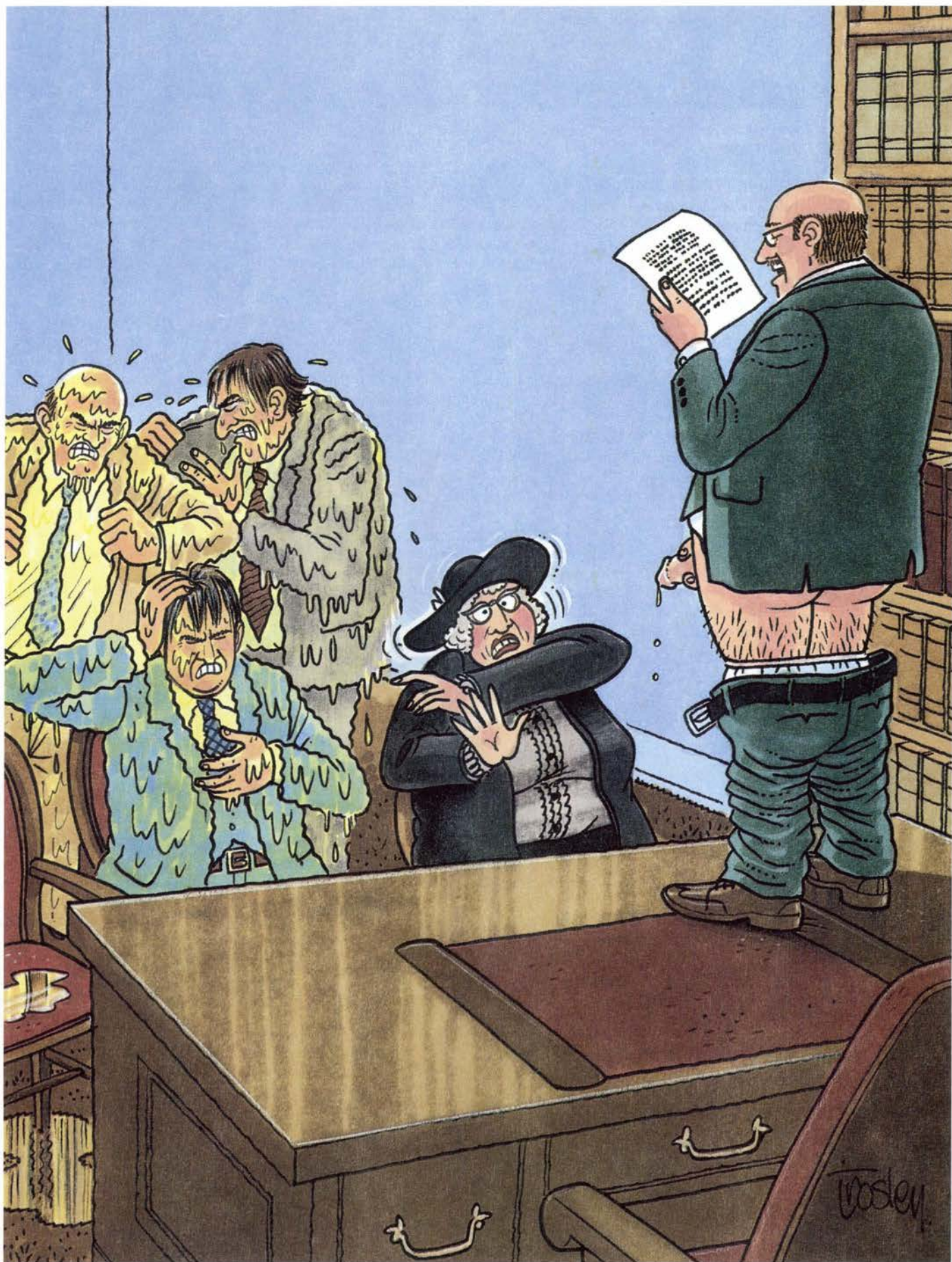
Ross Murdoch was already at the table, polishing off his third gin-and-tonic from a pitcher in front of him. When his clients entered, Murdoch got up and helped Chelsea into her seat. Rogan sat opposite them. They made a strikingly handsome couple, thought Rogan—Chelsea with her model's cheekbones, long legs and volcanic tits, and Murdoch with his Schwarzenegger biceps, chiseled jaw and piercing blue eyes set in a craggy, weatherbeaten face.

The native waiter took his order for a Mai-Tai with a sprig of mint for the lady. Rogan contented himself with a Perrier-on-the-rocks. The doctors warned that a little alcohol could kill a man with his heart problems.

"Ready for the hunt, mate?" asked Murdoch with a sarcastic edge in his gravelly voice. "I know Mrs. Rogan is right achin' to bag some springbok. Beautiful animals. Fast too. It's rutting season, you know. The big bucks are fighting to mate



"Sometimes I wish we weren't across the street from the state nuthouse!"



"And, finally, to my beloved wife Hazel. . . ."

DEADLY GAME *(continued from page 68)*

Murdoch gently brushed a lock of hair from Chelsea's face so he could watch himself fuck her mouth.

with females." Murdoch gave Chelsea a meaningful glance that Rogan understood only too well.

Murdoch had no love for this man, but no hate either. The white hunter turned pity on and off like a valve. Five years in Vietnam with the Australian army, then ten years as a mercenary in Angola, Zambia and the Seychelles had taught him to kill without feeling anything at all except, possibly, greed. Rogan was rich. His wife was young, attractive and too hot in the cunt to wait for his heart to give out.

Murdoch considered her offer. She'd promised him half her husband's assets and as much of her own sweet ass as he cared to have. It was an offer that might not come his way for a long time, if ever again. Murdoch had put other pitiful human wrecks out of their misery, like shooting an animal too old and crippled to defend itself.

"Actually," Rogan answered as the waiter brought their drinks, "I've been thinking of sitting this one out. I'm really not much good at climbing. I think I'd rather play a little golf tomorrow."

"Oh, Lou," chided Chelsea, "don't be

such a goddamn wimp!" She turned to Murdoch. "Honestly, Ross, to hear my husband talk, you'd think he hadn't bagged that beautiful buck in Mumbwa last week!"

"It was just a lucky shot," Rogan protested. "And it made me sick to see that poor beast's hindquarters mutilated like that."

Murdoch poured himself another gin-and-tonic. "A natural sportsman, your husband is." Murdoch was getting drunker. He leaned forward across the table so close that Rogan's nostrils stung with the smell of alcohol. "There's an old Masai proverb that applies to your situation, Mr. Rogan: 'He who rides a tiger cannot dismount.'"

"Just what does that mean, Murdoch?" Rogan asked. The Aussie just smiled and sat back in his chair. He was drunk enough not to give a damn what Rogan thought. Besides, sniping at Rogan's manhood seemed like a good way to get him to prove it in the field. It was imperative that Rogan go hunting tomorrow.

"It means, Mr. Rogan," Murdoch continued, "that this is Africa, not America.

Here men are judged by the size of their courage, not their bank accounts."

"And the size of other things," added Chelsea with a giggle.

"That, my dear Mrs. Rogan, is a universal yardstick," Murdoch added.

Rogan had no intention of measuring off against Murdoch. The older man excused himself to go lie down, pleading a headache.

"Nervous, dear?" Murdoch asked after Rogan had left.

Chelsea stared at the tablecloth. "Yes, a lot," she said after a while, without meeting her lover's eyes.

Murdoch smiled broadly and chucked Chelsea's chin. "Don't be," he said. "It'll be gravy. I've got the spot all picked out. Not a soul about for miles. We'll leave old Lou's corpse for the buzzards to pick clean. And then we can—"

"Stop it!" Chelsea shrieked loudly enough to cause heads to turn. "I don't want to hear anymore. Not now." She nervously lit a cigarette and dragged deeply. She lowered her voice to a whisper. "I want my husband's money so you and I can go away and live happily ever after. We don't have to go over it in such lurid detail."

"Do you love him at all?" Murdoch asked after a pause.

"I want his money," Chelsea snapped. "The only thing I feel for Lou is pity."

Chelsea liked to be in control. Especially now, especially with Murdoch. She pushed aside her half-finished lobster tails. "Seafood makes me horny," she said with a sudden huskiness.

"Everything makes you horny," Murdoch laughed. He recognized the lusty sparkle in Chelsea's green eyes.

"Especially seeing your head between my legs when you're sucking my pussy," she continued.

"I guess I won't order dessert," Murdoch joked.

"No, Ross," Chelsea replied. "We'll eat in your room."

* * *

The blinds were tightly drawn against the giant equatorial moon. Chelsea, her tanned naked body visible in the light of the bedside lamp, went down on Murdoch, kneeling at his feet while he sat on the side of the bed. His thick, gnarled cock screwed and twisted as her lips hungrily encircled it. She purred as she left off sucking him to gently flutter the tip of her tongue along the thick blue vein under his massive shaft and thick balls. "I can taste the jizz right through your nuts!"

Murdoch gently brushed a lock of hair from Chelsea's face so he could watch himself fuck her mouth. The sight of her white ass wagging hornily while her cheeks bulged with his prick inside gave him a visual high.



"Hey! How about my goddamn phone call?!"



"Hey, Harv! See your wife let you out tonight."

Chelsea loosened her ass muscles around his cum-filled fuck horn with the skill of a master musician.

"Yeah, keep doing that!" he grunted, stroking her silken hair, his thick fingers feeling the warmth on the back of her neck as her head bobbed in rhythm to the sounds of her slurping. "You bloody little bitch! You cocksucking, little slut!"

Murdoch grabbed her shoulders and pulled her face off his cock just before he ejaculated. "Get on your knees, bitch!" he grunted. Chelsea obediently squatted on all fours on the bed, lewdly thrusting her tight little butt in the air.

He squatted behind her and slammed the bulbous tip of his dick into her juicy cunt. Deep, circling strokes sent his prick pounding to the depths of her yielding pussy, his hairy balls bouncing against her ass. Chelsea threw back her head and screamed that she was coming, and soon Murdoch was spurting thick, pulsing globs of semen inside her.

"Oh, you fucked me so good!" Chelsea exclaimed, short of breath. They lay on their sides, Murdoch's hardening prick rubbing the young woman's toasty butt. With one hand he fingered her erect nipple while the other massaged the fleshy hood of her clitoris.

"Oooh, your prick's so fucking hard again!" she hissed, reaching behind her to pull its head between her legs so its tip nestled against the starry pucker of her anus. Chelsea breathily declared, "I need your big, hot prick fucking my ass!"

Murdoch turned Chelsea over on her back, doubled her legs until her knees pushed into her lush tits. He pushed until her ass lifted off the sheets and sank his cock inside her again.

"Yes! God, yes!" Chelsea cried as the Australian hunting guide jackhammered her ass, with each thrust sinking him in to the base of his nuts. "Harder! Oh, harder!" she begged. Tensing, Chelsea loosened her ass muscles around his cum-filled fuck horn with the skill of a master musician. Murdoch heard a lion roar somewhere in the night as his load swelled his cock. Chelsea's muscles held tight so it took a deliciously long time before his juices flooded her, spilling over the rim of her asshole and onto the crisp white sheets.

Although Murdoch wanted to keep pumping, he found the will to pull out his glistening pecker, releasing a rich, musky

smell of cum, lubrication and shit. He inhaled deeply. It smelled better than French perfume, he thought.

Chelsea showered, then left to slip back into her husband's bed. Rogan mumbled in his sleep, rolled over and threw his arm heavily across her belly. She spent the night staring at the darkened ceiling.

* * *

Murdoch, Rogan and Chelsea climbed out of the Land Rover, the dawn sun red and as big as a house on the horizon. On the rocky slopes, accessible only by a steep trail winding along the ridges, herds of springbok grazed on the tough, sparse vegetation. In mating season the skittish animals panicked easily, Murdoch had warned.

Murdoch pointed out that it was also rutting season for packs of wild peccaries—ferocious razorback pigs that also roamed the rocky uplands. Squat, mean and vicious, the 300-pound boars could easily disembowel a man with a single lunge of their saberlike tusks.

After a short climb the hunters sighted springbok on a rock overhang; a large three-point buck was mounting a female while another, smaller male looked on. Murdoch motioned for Rogan and Chelsea to move to either side of him to increase their chances of bagging the big buck. Neither of the Rogans' shots did anything more than scare the animals instantly over the ridge.

Rogan was reloading when he heard the shot that raised dust around his boots. Looking up, he saw Murdoch level his Ruger from a few dozen yards down the slope. As Rogan stood dumbfounded, Murdoch fired again. The crack of another slug snapping into the guide's rifle sent a pang of terror through Rogan's heart. Rogan broke and ran for his life. He heard Murdoch curse behind him, and then another shot rent the air. Rogan scrambled for cover behind a larger boulder. With shaking fingers he managed to reload his gun. Six shots later he was out of ammunition.

Chips of shattered rock exploded past Rogan's head as another bullet pinged off a boulder. He knew he'd have to make a run for it soon. Then it would only be a matter of time before either Murdoch or Chelsea would aim true.

"Make it easier on yourself, Lou," he heard Chelsea call from below. "Come out and get it over with. I promise it'll be quick." Risking a look from behind the boulder, Rogan saw the two of them several hundred yards down the rubble-strewn mountainside. Chelsea carried the scope-mounted aluminum crossbow she had become a crack shot with. Murdoch's big-bore Ruger was outfitted with

(continued on page 90)

John Billette



"Oh, Daddy! Russ broke up with me! He said my braces snag his foreskin!"



FRENCH FLICKING



AN EXCLUSIVE, BEHIND-THE-SCENES
LOOK AT PORN *PARIS STYLE*

REPORT BY LONN M. FRIEND

Photography by Ysabel Cuignet and Jerry Heath



All was quiet aboard Air France Flight 004 from Los Angeles to Paris. *HUSTLER* Senior Editor Lonnn M. Friend tugged the crotch of his pants from his balls and settled into his seat, pondering the interna-

tional assignment he'd been given by Larry Flynt. The 747 jumbo jet had been airborne for more than six hours, and the darkness outside was almost equaled by the dimly lit gray tone of the sleepy cabin. Above the



Amorous Amber Lynn enjoys a second-story suck from Dominique St. Clair's French lips (above); domestic dames Sharon Mitchell and Lynn flank renowned French actor Jean Pierre Armand (below).

drone of the plane's hardworking engines, however, the slurping sounds of a stiff cock being sucked into a hungry mouth could clearly be heard.

A dozen or so rows back in economy class a 17-year-old boy from the Middle Eastern country of Yemen was getting an upper-stratosphere blowjob in his seat. He tried to muffle his whines of pleasure so as not to disturb the other snoozing passengers, including his mother, seated just four rows in front of him. As the Yemeni's young dick grew larger with each fleeting mile, the bump beneath the Air France blanket on his lap began to move up and down faster and faster.

Cramped by the seat, the boy struggled to brace his hands awkwardly on either armrest, preparing himself for the impending climax. Just then a stewardess made a routine pass

down the aisle, and the boy frantically grabbed the moving hump sternly with both hands, halting its convulsions for a moment. As the coast cleared, the action recommenced, and it was only a matter of seconds until the youth blew his wad.

"Ummmm," came the satisfied sigh from the figure who surfaced from beneath the blanket. "How was that, baby?"

"Incredible!" the Yemeni replied. "Could I please have your autograph?"

Veteran adult-film star Sharon Mitchell wiped a last drop of cum from her mouth, rose to straighten her back and gave the flustered teenage boy-whom she'd met only an hour

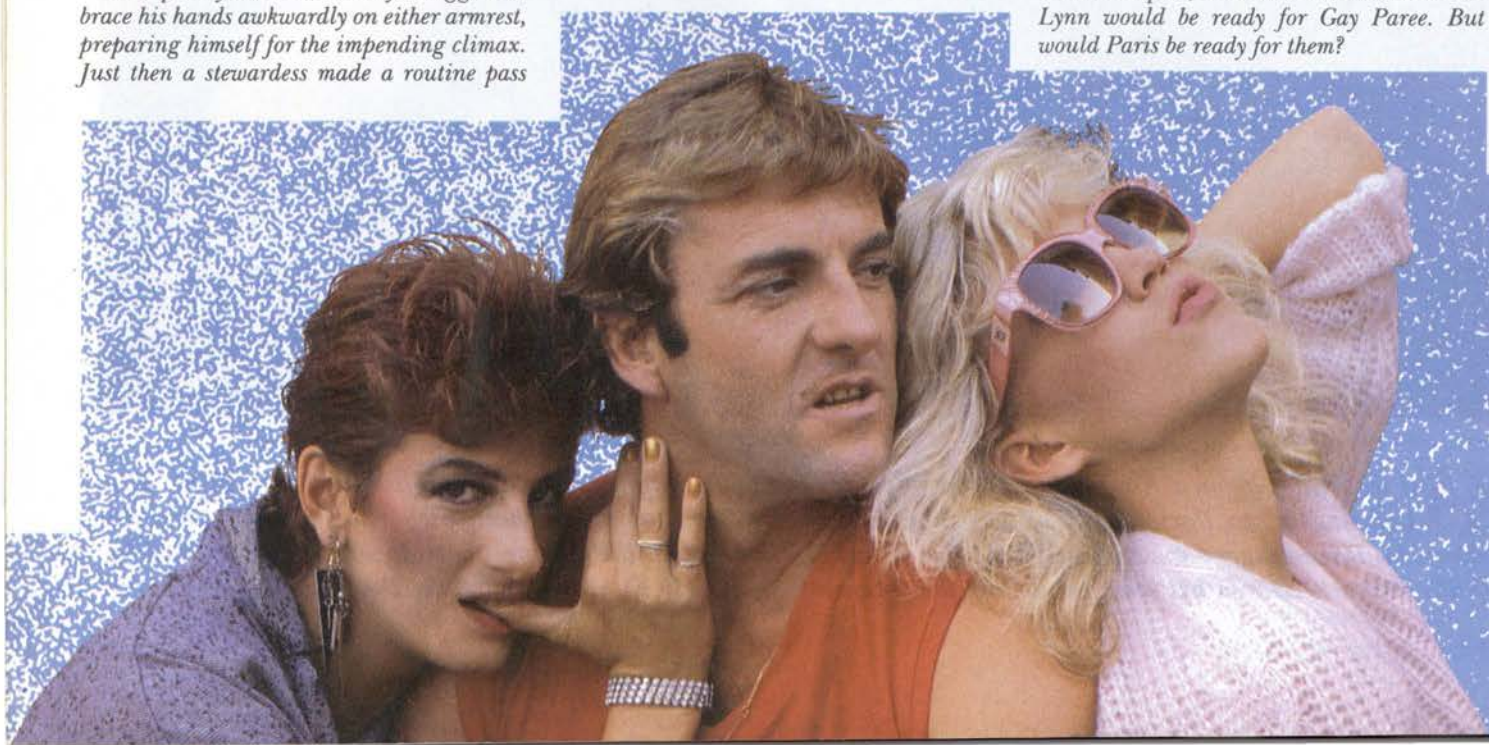
earlier—that classic look of delicious decadence that she has so prominently displayed in the nearly 500 hard-core films she's appeared in over the past 11 years.

"Sure, baby," Mitchell happily responded. "And Amber here will give you her autograph too."

From two seats away X-land's current hottest commodity, Amber Lynn, had been observing the midair fellatio perpetrated on the young stranger by her colleague and friend.

"Okay," said Amber, "but I'd better get plenty of that when we get to Paris."

There was no doubt that when the Air France jumbo jet set down at Charles de Gaulle Airport, Sharon Mitchell and Amber Lynn would be ready for Gay Paree. But would Paris be ready for them?





Adult films have been shot in Europe since the earliest days of the X-rated business and, outside of Germany and Denmark, France has provided the happiest hunting ground on the Continent for erotic play. But never has there been so "cross-cultural" an undertaking as the production of four feature-length videotapes by Paris-Hollywood Films Inc., an adult-video production company created

for the express purpose of making hard-core X-entertainment overseas. The people at Paris-Hollywood wanted to combine the talents of dynamic American porn actresses Sharon Mitchell and Amber Lynn and American veteran fuck-flick director Charles (*China De Sade*) De Santos with the erotic expertise of France's hottest male and female performers and production technicians. With a French crew, American director and French and American cast, this was truly an international project that resulted in a series of hot and provocative videocassette titles that offer a refreshingly different genre of hard-core fare to an industry that is currently drowning in mass-produced mediocrity.

Though the four features find Amber, Sharon and a variety of French co-stars

Loving lesbians abound (left), led by longtime Franco labialicker Amanda Schell; St. Clair, Armand, Schell and a trio of French bimbos (above); Algerian actress Barbara Badckine shows her spots (right).





Fingers weren't all Lynn sucked in Paris (left); an orgasmic moment (below) between two French fuckers; HUSTLER's Lonn M. Friend gets the inside story from Mitchell and Lynn (bottom).

cavorting around several familiar sites, the sex was shot at a villa in the Parisian suburb of St. Cloud. The spacious mansion is considered one of France's most notorious orgy houses and is supposedly owned by a former Paris police commissioner. For the seven days that the Americans invaded St. Cloud, however, sex reigned supreme, and the law remained far, far away.

The first pair of features, titled *Les Les-*

bos of Paris, Part I and *Part II*, are all girl and provide every kinky variation on saphic lovemaking, including the *French twist*. Amber and Sharon play, fittingly, a pair of American tourists wandering the streets of Paris. Much to their delight, they happen upon a palatial villa run by a lustful madame (French actress Amanda Schell). Schell's home is overrun with sex-starved dykes who devour their new American dishes in a series of steamy encounters.

In *Les Lesbos Part I*, viewers will find especially titillating the stairway scene between hitherto unknowns Pascale and

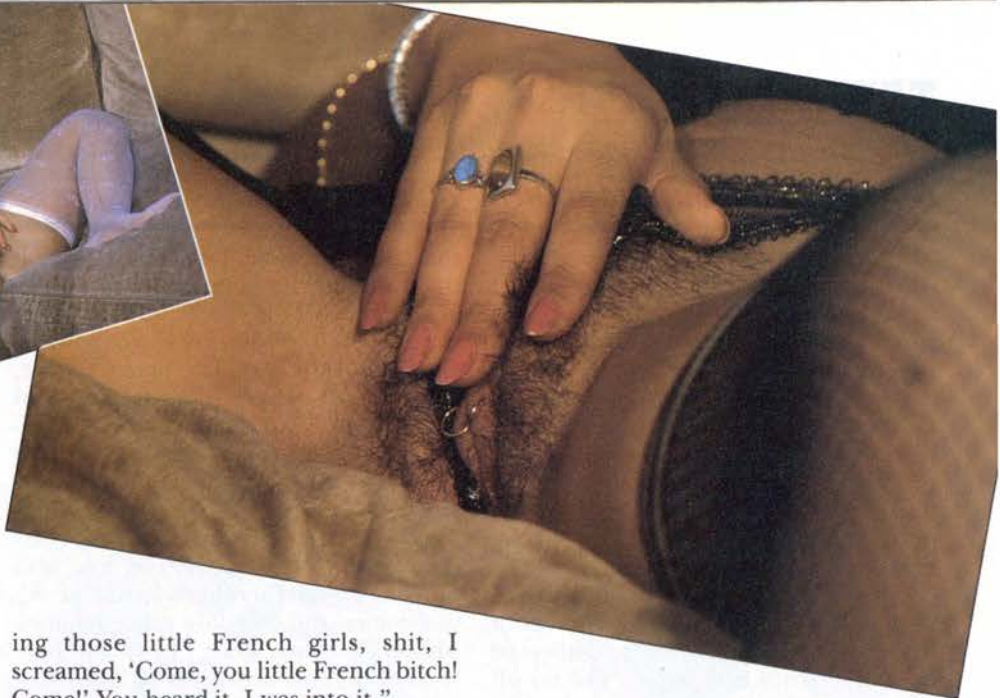


Nina Rouge, not to mention a rug-burning session between Amber, Sharon, Schell and a host of rubber sex toys. During the shooting one American production assistant became so aroused, she left the set, only to be discovered moments later masturbating in a back hallway.

The lesbian orgy at the end of *Part II* is also a highlight, capped off by Amber Lynn's violent dildo-fucking of several French cupcakes.

"That dildo scene," recalls Lynn, "I loved it. It was one of the hottest girl scenes I've ever done. When I strapped on that big, hard dildo and started fuck-





Director Charles De Santos (above left) prepares Amanda Schell's jeweled Parisian pussy (above right) for penetration; French actor Armand and another fuck-happy Frog make an international sandwich out of Mitchell (below).



ing those little French girls, shit, I screamed, 'Come, you little French bitch! Come!' You heard it. I was into it."

Les Lesbos Part II picks up with Amber and Sharon on their way out the door. They're stopped by Schell and her daughter (Pascale), who haven't had enough pussy, and spend the remainder of the tape dominating the French girls. Finally Mitchell exclaims that she's "lesboed out" and needs cock badly.

The next two features, *Amber & Sharon Do Paris, Part I* and *Part II*, find our American fleshmongers getting exactly what they want with some new male friends. French erotic-cinema star Jean Pierre Armand—a veteran of more than 1,000 X-rated films—plays Mitchell's

beau and has a sizzling lovemaking scene with her in *Part I*.

In addition to movies, Armand works as a live-sex performer at the Lolita Club in Paris's scandalous Pigalle area, one of Europe's most famous red-light districts. Armand is noted for his uncanny ability to come on cue as many as six times a day. His penile dependability was welcomed when several of the male French performers couldn't keep their puds up. Such was not the case for Dominique St. Clair, whose looks rival those of the most attractive *Gentleman's Quarterly* model.

(continued on page 92)



A French/American all-out lesbian orgy, si vous plait (above). Mitchell salutes the Eiffel Tower (right).



TEENAGE LESBIAN (continued from page 48)

"I wondered whether being butch meant that you couldn't come or that you had a thing about hickies."

I came out of Sherry's wondering whether being butch meant that you couldn't come or that you had a thing about hickies. I could hardly believe a super-political dyke like her would use that word. I thought butches and femmes were from the "bad old days" of gay life, when everyone thought they were sick or twisted. The gals who were butch felt like they should have been born men, and heaven knows how femmes fit in. No one ever bothered to explain femmes.

There's a tendency to think that a woman who has a feminine style about her couldn't possibly be a dedicated dyke. The truth is, a femme like myself never appreciated my feminine possibilities until I hooked them up with another woman. Butch women are my biggest turn-on, and it's a very gay feeling to me. I wish that masculinity and femininity were erotic opportunities for people to express themselves, instead of some predestined roles that they feel enslaved to.

Heterosexuals have always been the most uptight about sex roles, but a lot of lesbians react in the opposite extreme. I have lesbian acquaintances who think

that if I'm a femme, I must have to wash the dishes all the time, and that if I'm a good girl, maybe my butch will fuck me in the missionary position. Give me a break! Gender-fuck scenes, like butch/femme, are very self-conscious sexual decisions about what turns us on, and that's a special freedom I'll always treasure. But just to set the record straight, there are all sorts of dykes who can't relate to butch/femme roles at all, and they have their own sexual secrets. There are also butches who go for other butches, as well as femmes who only love other femmes. Maybe I'll switch when I'm 40 and have to write another article for HUSTLER.

At 21 I was finally old enough to go barhopping. This was my first non-political introduction to gay life. It was a blast. I met gay men for the first time. Gender was an entirely sexual passion to them, a hot fantasy, not a reason to get married, have kids and grit your teeth. By talking to men who loved to suck cock, I realized that I didn't. Certainly there are straight women who love it just as much, but they don't get much support for talking about it. Women don't get much of an

opportunity at all to talk about what turns us on, and the result is that we have a limited vocabulary.

Case in point: When I finally got out onto a mere dance floor with one of those butch women who scared me so, my body started sending up signals that my mouth couldn't interpret. I didn't want a real man; I wanted a real bulldyke.

"Come on, let's cool off outside," was my clever line. I dragged the butch off without waiting for an answer. We femmes can be aggressive little things. We stood outside this bar located in the middle of a warehouse district—all alleys and dark shadows and rail yards. There was only one thing to do, and that was to lie down on the tracks. She pushed my legs open with her knee, and I thought I was going to come right then and there. She leaned my head deeper into the gravel and slipped her fingers into my mouth. Next time you see an airbrushed lesbian fantasy of two ingenues licking each other's wrists, think of me being finger-fucked in my mouth while I rode this lucky butch's knee until the denim tore.

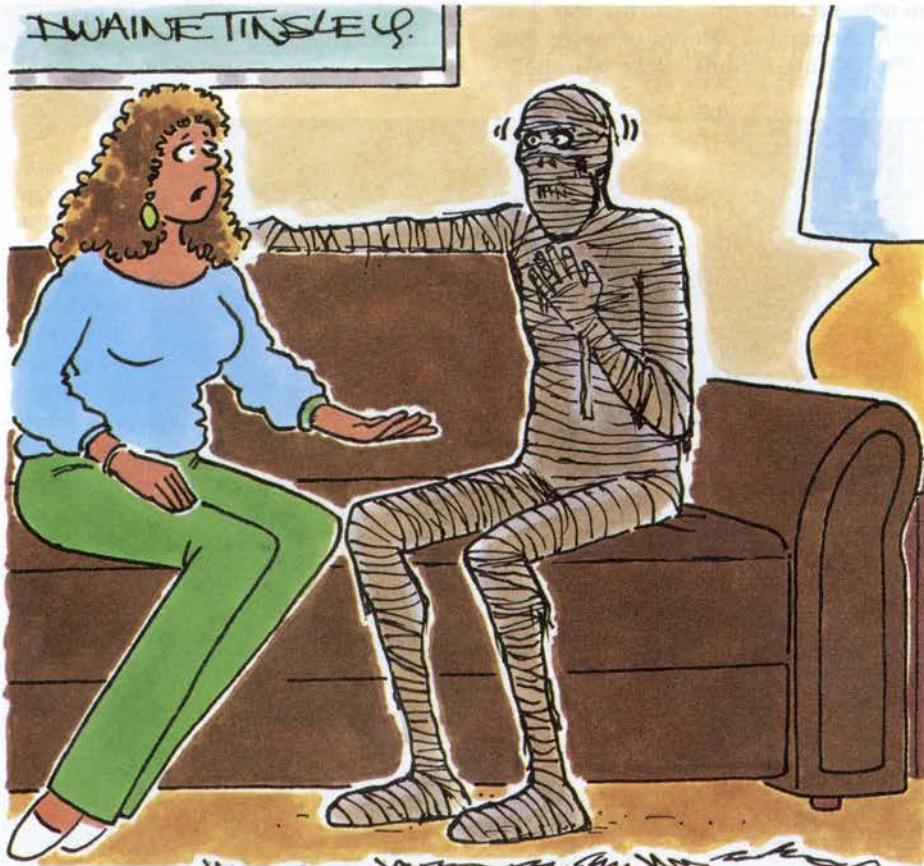
My disco-side encounter didn't last long, but it gave me an idea about how things could be different. I started looking for a different kind of woman. I told my last boyfriend that I was going dyke or bust.

For a while it was just plain bust, and that's how I discovered vibrators. I went vibrator shopping for the common reason that I didn't have a lover, and I wanted to spice up my solo sex life. I had been masturbating in the exact same style and position since I was eight, and it was about to break my arm.

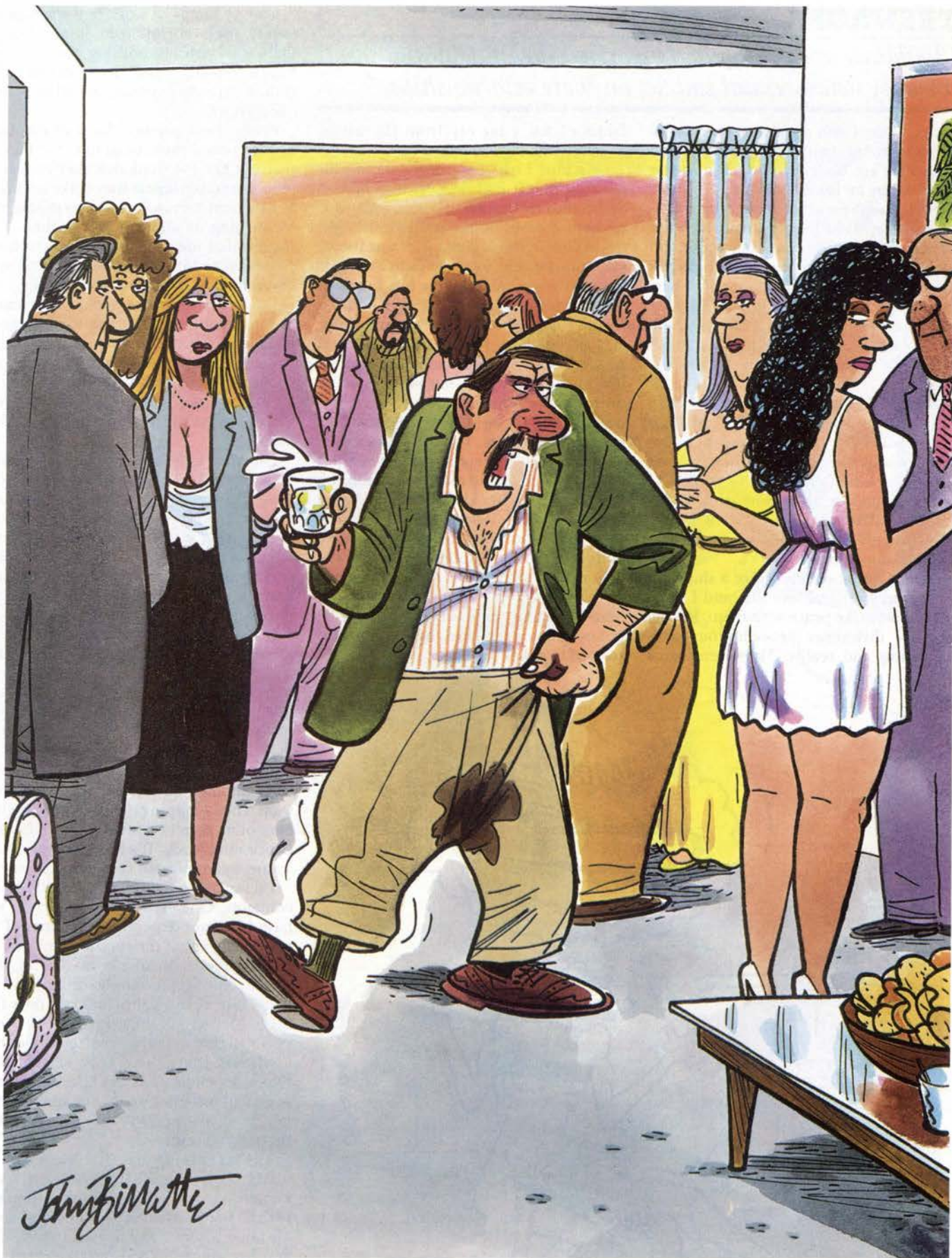
The vibrator, with its humming round head, was irresistible whether I was lying on my back or standing on my head. At first it was a gas to see how fast I could come—under two minutes. But then I changed the game to see how long I could make it last, how long I could hold myself in that exquisite place of almost coming but not quite. Not having to worry about my arm pooping out opened me up to a lot of new possibilities.

I tried sticking the tip of my hairbrush into my cunt while I vibrated. That was so wonderful that I started scavenging through the fridge to see if there were any other delights that could be used in the same manner. I found a summer squash that I could have settled down and had a family with. Actually, my whole approach to my new toys was just that—like a kid who's never even had a wooden spool to play with. I was sorry I had waited to be celibate before I picked up a few of these items.

Nowadays I am the editor of *On Our Backs*, a lesbian sex magazine, and I also do sales in a women's vibrator shop. Of



"We have to stop seeing each other. Our age difference is too much for me to deal with. . . ."



"All right! I just came in my pants! Who turned me on?"

TEENAGE LESBIAN (continued from page 78)

"Lesbians are particularly worried about dildos having an ugly heterosexual impact on their relationships."

course, I deal with many a nervous lesbian about to buy her first toy. Women and men alike are both worried about being replaced by an inanimate object. I invite them to use these little vibrating wonders as instruments of lovemaking, which are pretty useless without a flesh-and-blood lover to guide their purpose. Lesbians are particularly worried about dildos having an ugly heterosexual impact on their relationships. I tell them, "Listen, lesbians are responsible for making dildos famous. We've got a historical claim to use them."

Some dykes are into oral sex, period. Others enjoy fingers or a fist up their cunts. Some don't like to play with dildos that look like dicks, and other lesbians like to cock-fantasize. Just as men have lesbian fantasies, well some of us dykes fantasize about men too. I know a dyke who gets off on gay men's porn videos, and she's not alone.

Sexual fantasies don't give a shit what you do in your real love life, and I think it's best to make peace with them. Recognize the difference between your erotic dreams and reality. My heterosexual

fantasies are a far cry from the actual straight sex I had over the years.

One time I had a one-night stand with the first man I had been with in ages. I decided to try and see if I could play out my heterosexual fantasies with him. Well, it was fine to think about it, it was fun to talk about it, but I sure couldn't control the man in a hotel room the way I control the characters in my fantasies. I told the fellow, "How about if I give you a break and let you be a real straight man, and you let me be a real lesbian—we'll get off on our usual fantasies, but without all the unreal expectations."

My friend Joe confided to me that he's queer for lesbians. I guess I meet men like that all the time, but I never heard it put like that. He told me that one time he tried to seduce an old-time lesbian friend and her lover. When he crawled into their bed and tried to get something going, the lover grabbed a shotgun she kept next to the bed and chased him right out of there, swearing and shooting. Joe hasn't been the same since. But after he got over being terrified, he was more attracted to dykes than ever.

Danger seems to work that way sometimes. Joe's shrink told him, "Look, there's technically nothing you can do with a lesbian in bed that you can't do with a straight woman; so what's the difference?"


Pretty good question for a shrink, but he still missed the crucial link: the fantasy. Guys like Joe think that they're going to be miserable unless they make it with a lesbian, and they make lesbians miserable by bugging us about it all the time. I'd suggest that Joe go find some butchy heterosexual or bi woman who wants to top him thoroughly as a fantasy bulldyke.

I'm the editor of the world's only sexual-entertainment magazine for lesbians, and it puts me in a unique position to discover a lot of little-known information about lesbian sexuality. Of course, I get a lot of questions from straight men about what lesbians think, what they do in the sack, etc.

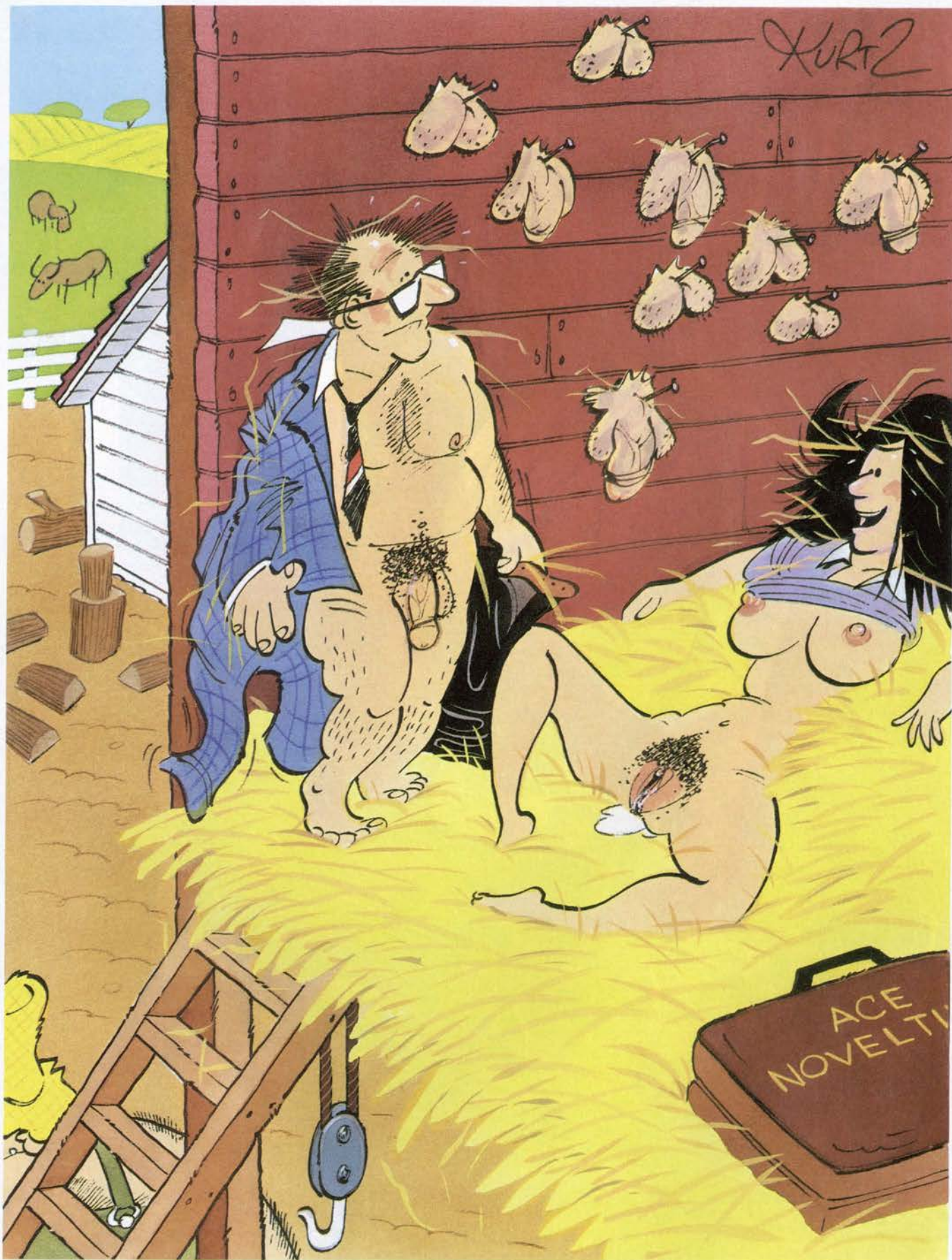
One man I met blew my mind by asking me why all the lesbians in San Francisco were against pornography! My reply was, "How the fuck would you know?" Has he been staring into the bedrooms of every lesbian in the Bay Area to do a quick porn check? Do all the straight men in San Francisco have the same feelings about porn?

Maybe what men are asking me is whether there is one thing that unites us, something that all dykes have in common. The diversity of lesbians that I see in my work makes me realize what an explosive question this is. Some of us don't like porn, and others of us revel in it. Some of us like a good tongue-lapping early Sunday mornings, and some of us want a hot whipping on a Saturday night. Most of us aren't out of the closet. Lenny Bruce once said, "It's hard to spot dykes 'cause sometimes we're married to one."

I'd say dykes today share two things in common. One is the independence we have from not depending on a man. I'm not talking about the cock as much as I'm talking about the pocketbook and the whole emotional family thing. We've made our own families and our own futures. Men aren't the center of our lives; that's all there is to it. Some guys see this as a hostile thing, but it's just a fact of life. Our independence doesn't have anything to do with whether we love or admire certain men in our lives—our sons and fathers, for instance.

The other thing that all lesbians have is maybe something we share with men. We know what it's like to desire a woman, with all her particular womanly qualities. We know what it's like to want to pleasure another woman in bed and to feel her, as a woman, giving it right back to us. That's a rush that will keep me happy, and dykey, for a long time. 





"Prize bulls? Naw! Them's from fellas my daddy caught
havin' their way with me!"

GOING DOWN



Although Sondra is dressed for success, the body beneath her suit burns with raging sexual desire. She could use a lift in her business day, and spots just the junior exec for an elevator joyride.

Photography by Clive McLean









Trembling fingers press for the "Emergency Stop" button, but only her love button is really lit up. The passionate pair take turns going down before he finally takes the plunge.







While his dick defies gravity, the elevator doesn't. The doors open onto the busy lobby just as he's ready to unload his cargo. Such are the ups and downs of life. Sondra's rapidly rising career will be permanently stalled. She has truly gotten the shaft.

DEADLY GAME (continued from page 72)

Murdoch stood pointing his rifle at Rogan's heart. "No hard feelings, Mr. Rogan," Murdoch declared.

an Armson telescopic sight.

Rogan's weak heart hammered in his chest. The equatorial sun narrowed his eyes to slits and licked the cold sweat from his brow. Desperately, he scoured the mountainside for cover, but found only open territory dotted with prickly succulents. Then Rogan spotted it: The canyon's mouth was a gap in the sandstone bluffs rising up at the end of a long, sloping stretch of ridge.

"Well, Rogan," Murdoch shouted, "what'll it be?!"

Rogan's answer was to hurl his empty rifle at them and dash up the mountain. "Damn you!" Rogan cursed as the sound of gunfire erupted behind him. With a desperation born of terror, Rogan sprinted for the safety of the canyon mouth, pain exploding in his chest and legs as more shots cracked pebbles from the parched earth at his heels. With his last ounce of strength, Rogan gained the canyon's entrance. He rested, then inched along the canyon wall. Soon he realized there was no way out.

Pressed flat against the wall beyond a natural bend, gasping for breath, he

heard the crunch of dislodged gravel as Murdoch gained the canyon's mouth. "It's all over, Rogan!" Murdoch cried out, his voice echoing from all directions. Rogan continued hugging the wall. His hand groped and found a rock. If he could, he would smash Murdoch's skull with it before he died.

Murdoch rounded the bend, and Rogan flung the rock with all his might. The Aussie sidestepped just in time, the rock clattering harmlessly against the canyon floor. Murdoch stood pointing his rifle at Rogan's heart.

"No hard feelings, Mr. Rogan," Murdoch declared. The canyon walls exploded with thunder—the thunder of thousands of grunting, snorting wild pigs, stampeding into the mouth of the canyon. The sound had instantly frozen Murdoch's finger on the rifle's trigger, and he turned to face countless shaggy-haired, red-eyed demon boars. Terrified, Murdoch dropped his weapon and leaped for the safety of a rock ledge. He hung on, and in minutes the box canyon had turned the stampede back out.

When Murdoch jumped down and

looked around, his rifle was gone and so was Lou Rogan.

"My God! They almost trampled me to death!" cried Chelsea, wild-eyed, her hard nipples popping out of her torn blouse. She clutched her crossbow, shivering with disgust. "Where's Lou? You killed him, didn't you?"

"The razorbacks did it for me," Murdoch answered.

Chelsea's eyes widened with horror. "You mean . . ." her voice trailed off as the gory truth of what must have happened to her husband sank in. Chelsea thought for a moment. "Wait a minute!" she exclaimed. "This is great! It's even better than we'd planned."

"Yes, bloody marvelous," Murdoch added dryly, looking around for his rifle. He turned around to see Chelsea pointing her crossbow at his chest. "Don't move!" she ordered.

"Chelsea, what the hell do you think you're doing?"


"Haven't you figured it out by now, you bloody, boring asshole? I'm going to kill you, that's what." Chelsea threw back her head defiantly. "You see, I got knocked against the wall during the stampede. The impact accidentally sprung the crossbow's bolt."

"But our deal?" Murdoch pleaded.

Chelsea laughed. "Deal? I just canceled it. Did you really think I was just some rich, dumb cunt who'd sell her body and soul for a dose of your macho prick? It'll be a pleasure to kill a male chauvinist pig like you." Chelsea raised her crossbow and sighted. "A real pleasure," she continued, squeezing the trigger. Murdoch clutched his throat as the tail end of the aluminum bolt stuck out of his ruptured windpipe. Eyes bulging, he staggered forward a few steps, then his legs buckled, and he collapsed. Chelsea kicked over the corpse, crouched and made sure her lover was dead.

"Chelsea," gasped a thin voice behind her before she'd gotten more than a few yards. She turned, simultaneously pulling another aluminum bolt from her quiver in case Murdoch needed it.

"You couldn't . . . ?" Her face barely winced as Murdoch's rifle spoke once, the slug tearing a gaping entrance wound beneath her left breast, its impact sending her spinning against the rock wall.

His face bloodied, one arm useless, Lou Rogan dropped the Ruger he'd found just beyond the niche in the canyon wall where he cowered as the stampeding pigs roared past. He'd listened to the story Chelsea had given Murdoch. With a few minor changes it would work equally as well for him. He walked back out into the blistering sun toward the Land Rover that would carry him back to civilization. 



"Oh, nothing much, Joe. The wife and I were discussing if we were gonna watch Falcon Crest or Miami Vice."

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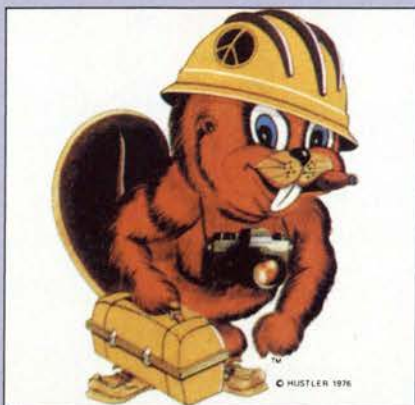
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FRENCH FLICKING

(continued from page 77)

Director De Santos wanted something very special between Lynn and St. Clair. He claimed to have never seen two more beautiful people together in front of the camera. The couple's second-story window-ledge love scene in *Part I* was the undisputed carnal highlight of the seven-day shoot, not to mention one of the most memorable for De Santos.

"I never get a real voracious hard-on myself when I shoot," quipped the director. "But the scene between Amber and Dominique put a bone in my pants."

"You bet I just had an orgasm," purred Amber moments after the abovementioned sequence. "He ripped my pants off, spanked my bottom, rolled me over and fucked the shit out of me."

Included in *Amber & Sharon Do Paris*, *Part I* and *Part II* are the trademark De Santos orgies. American actor Jon Martin made it from the airport just in time to donate his domestic dick to the proceedings. Especially hot was Martin's rug romp with Algerian actress Barbara Badckine, a petite childlike nymphet who fucked and sucked with a lustful fervor even the French girls couldn't match.

Also appearing in *Part I* and *Part II*'s orgy scenes is Polish actor Stanislas Plotr, a flamboyant and amply endowed gent who has no problem giving himself head a la our own Ron Jeremy. While displaying his unique talent, the charismatic Plotr quipped in his best broken English, "You see. I am never alone."

Though they came to make four new videos, Amber Lynn, Sharon Mitchell and Charles De Santos went away with far more from their expedition across the Atlantic. De Santos created ties with French technicians, whom he ranked among the best he'd ever worked with. Interest has been expressed about bringing Jean Pierre Armand, Dominique St. Clair and Amanda Schell to America to take on stateside talent. What did Mitchell and Lynn learn? Well, for one thing, the 21-year-old Southern California-born Amber got an education on a new species of male.

"French men are more attentive as far as body-worshipping goes," she says. "But they're also more obnoxious. All over Paris, guys have been trying to grab my tits. The other night I threw a chair at a guy in a cafe for grabbing Mitch's tits. I started screaming. He could tell I was serious, because he put his hands in front of his face. Parisian men aren't accustomed to women getting violent. They're used to women being submissive. Not me, baby! I guess that's something I taught the French, huh?"

Oui, oui, cheri. . .

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Photo by John

Photo by Husband



Sexy Cherie is a 20-year-old housewife from Denver, Colorado, whose interests include partying, sunbathing, dancing and kinky sex. She dreams of being seduced by Prince and being a centerfold in HUSTLER.



Jade is a 24-year-old bartender from Encinitas, California, who loves sunning, swimming, dancing and, "of course, separating the men from the boys." Her fantasy is to star in a porn flick with her boyfriend and David Lee Roth and to hold the world's record for most consecutive orgasms.

A garment inspector from Canton, Ohio, 26-year-old Belinda likes exercising, swimming and aerobics. Her fantasy is to have her own layout in a men's magazine.



Photo by Friend

Photo by Husband



Kandy, 27, says her hobbies are sucking cock and having a fucking good time. The Puyallup, Washington, housewife's favorite fantasy involves a threesome with her husband and another lady or man.

Photo by Husband



Twenty-five-year-old L. C. is a secretary and mother from the Midwest who enjoys crocheting, knitting and embroidery. She dreams of making love to her husband on a beach in a tropical paradise.



Photo by Boyfriend



Forty-six-year-old Lynn is a waitress from Prospect Heights, Illinois, whose hobbies are sex and nude modeling. She fantasizes about making love in a dark, crowded bar.

Photo by Husband



Tampa, Florida's Donna, 21, laminates cabinets for a living and also enjoys inner-tube skiing. She longs to get involved in a hot and heavy threesome with her husband and her own best friend.

Photo by Boyfriend



Lovely Annie B., 36, hails from Horn Lake, Mississippi. Annie seems to encourage readers to get off on her photo, declaring, "Since I own a janitorial service, don't worry about the mess, guys. I'll clean it up." She fantasizes about the body of Robert Scorpio, a character from *General Hospital*.



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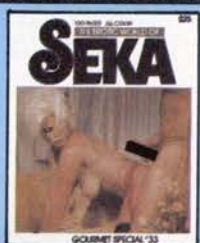
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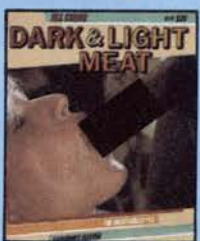
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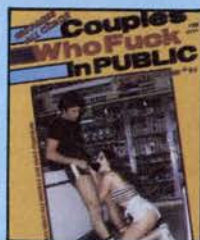
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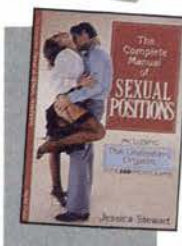
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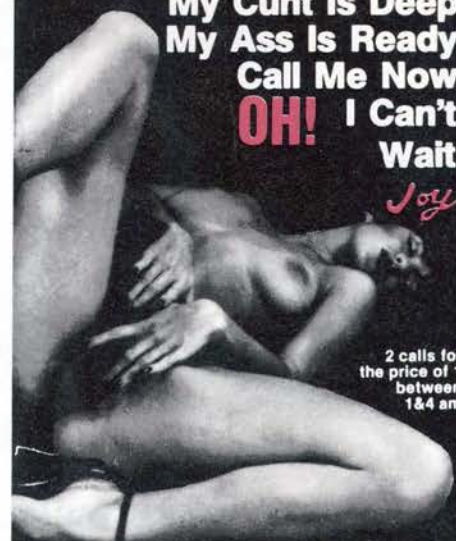


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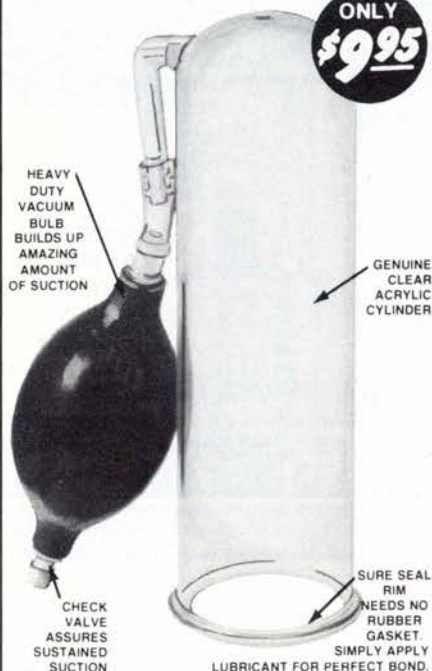
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1. TOTAL PURCHASES \$ _____

2. Rush Priority Postage, handling \$ 3.00

3. TOTAL ENCLOSED (Or Charged) \$ _____

DO NOT ALTER THIS AFFIDAVIT! I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 19 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements in the mail. I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. I am not a postal inspector.

MUST BE MINIMUM OF 19 YEARS OLD

Signature _____ Age _____

Print Your Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406

© DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. DEPT H3-86

**DOCTORS DISCOVER A
PRODUCT THAT PRODUCES**



**BIGGER
HARDER
& LONGER
LASTING
ERECTIONS!**

Seen on National Television and reported in a scientific digest — doctors from Queens University in Ontario, Canada, discovered during testing — that men with organic impotency responded to YOHIMBINE, a derivative of the African Yohimbe tree bark. The doctors further discovered that Yohimbine encouraged the natural functions to create BIG, HARD ERECTIONS... because it increased the hormone norepinephrine and increases the flow of blood into the penis. These two functions are vital for producing big, hard erections.

the results:
While taking YOHIMBE — 60% of the people who responded regained complete functions including ability to ejaculate. When the subjects discontinued the use of Yohimbe, their problem soon returned.

only **\$6⁹⁵** for a full 30 day supply

100% Pure Yohimbe is now available at our SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICES!

- ☐ 30 day supply (reg. \$10) only **\$6.95**
- ☐ 60 day supply (reg. \$17) only **\$12.95**

OUR BIG SUPER SAVER

- ☐ A full 4 month supply (reg. \$30) only **\$19.95**

and receive absolutely **FREE** a \$10 book titled **HOW TO DEVELOPE YOUR PENIS**. A total \$40 value — all for only **\$19.95**

Add \$2 per order for postage & handling

send check, or money order to:
PURECHEM PRODUCTS Dept. 5013,
P.O. Box 35276, Los Angeles, CA 90035

10 INCH PENIS
IS NOW POSSIBLE...AND
IT'S GUARANTEED!

only **\$6⁹⁵**
complete

**NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE
NOW...YOU WILL GAIN UP TO 4
INCHES, NOT IN 6 WEEKS... BUT
WITHIN 48 HOURS...AND IT'S
GUARANTEED!**

That's right! If you are 6 inches when erect we guarantee to make your penis up to 4 inches longer also thicker and firmer. You no longer need pills, drugs or weights. The **TENSOR** is the simple, natural way to prosthetically increase your penis to it's maximum dimensions. It will also help control premature ejaculation. The **TENSOR** does all this and we **GUARANTEE IT!** Now being sold exclusively by mail.

The regular price is \$19.95 only **\$6⁹⁵**
Special Customized Heavy Duty Model only \$9.95

Mail to: **HOLMES & ASSOC.** Dept. 5013
P.O. Box 64748, Los Angeles, CA 90064

DOMINATION
By Experienced Mistresses

\$35 / \$25

Submission & Domination
Full Selection of Mistresses

Male & Female
All Disciplines

214/371-1122

MC/VISA

24 HRS

ORAL OR ANAL SEX - CALL

"SUGAR LIPS"
CUM IN MY MOUTH
I LOVE IT!



(213) 657-4054

VISA/MC/AMEX

DIRECT CALL BACK
UPON REQUEST

**YOUR MISTRESS
IS WAITING**



She will fulfill all
your fetishes and
fantasies on the telephone

MISTRESS MORGAN
(212) 582-8181

24 hrs. MASTER or VISA only

**Butt-Fucking
Phone Fantasies**

**"Thrust your big, hard cock
deep inside my tight, hungry
asshole. I love to feel you
pumping and grinding
harder and faster
as I squeeze your shaft
with my ass muscles.
Oooh baby...
I'm cumming!
Shoot your
hot load
inside me
now!!"**



MAJOR CREDIT
CARDS ACCEPTED

ASK ABOUT OUR
**ASS
BUSTING
ORGIES!**

1-213-934-2249

America's HOTTEST Sex Mags & Video Tapes - Now at Discount Prices!

GIRLS Who Crave BIG COCKS

□✓101



□✓102

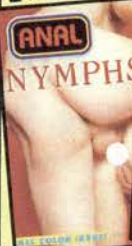


□✓103

A Bevy of Beautiful COCK-HUNGRY Mavens devour ELEPHANT-SIZED DICKS & Suck up the Cum!

Cocks From Behind

□✓104



□✓105

You'll see huge members oiled up for Rear-Entry with Explicit Anal Cum-Shots! A must for connoisseurs of this special treat.

CUM ON MY NIPPLES!

□✓107



□✓108

If you like HUGE TITS & CUM-SPURTING ERECTIONS, watch these Big, Bouncy Tits get cum all over them!

Spectacular Orgasms!

□✓109



□✓110

Sexy, stop-action camera's, capture the Explosive, Creamy Climaxes of each fiery sequence as you watch it happen... in sloooooow motion! It's the real thing! A Shocker! Lots of Orgasmic Close-ups!

Cum-Dripping BLOWJOBS!

□✓111



□✓112



□✓113

Lovely, Young Ladies suck HUGE COCKS to Explosive, Cum-Dripping Climaxes! It's Oral Action at its best!

Integrated!!!

□✓114



□✓115

Big, Black Studs balling Creamy-White, Blonde Girls! Salt & Pepper action at its best! Positively a Collector's Item!

YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED:

FIVE SIZZLING HOT VIDEO'S!

SUGAR BABIES



Each Video is a Full 60 Minutes Each. Five Hours of HARDWARE SEX!

ONLY \$10.00 EACH

-VOLUMES-
□✓#1 □✓#2
□✓#3 □✓#4
□✓#5

ONE FOR \$20.00
THREE FOR \$30.00
FIVE FOR \$50.00

IF NOT DELIGHTED WITH ANY ITEM SIMPLY RETURN IT FOR FULL CASH CREDIT AGAINST FUTURE PURCHASES. ALL ITEMS GUARANTEED FULL COLOR, HARDWARE OR YOUR MONEYBACK!

TO ORDER, COMPLETE COUPON BELOW, CHECK SELECTIONS ABOVE & SEND ENTIRE PAGE WITH REMITTANCE TO:

PERIODICALS UNLIMITED - Magazine & Video Division A-36
664 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1010-2M40, Chicago, Illinois 60611

GENTLEMEN! Please send me the item(s) indicated. I enclose \$ _____ Plus \$3 extra for Postage & Handling. □ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra as deposit.

□ Check □ Money Order-Note: Fastest Service with Money Order. Foreign Orders Payable in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s.

Note: We Specialize in Canadian Orders. Add 10% for 1st Class Postage.

MAGAZINE PRICES: □✓ ANY ONE @ \$8 ★ □✓ ANY SIX @ \$15
□✓ ANY TEN @ \$20 ★ □✓ ALL FIFTEEN @ \$27 (Only \$1.80 Each!)

VIDEO PRICES: □✓ ONE @ \$20 ★ □✓ THREE @ \$39
□✓ ALL FIVE @ \$50 (Just \$10 Each!)

Name _____
Address/Apt# _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Signature/Age/Date _____
I certify I am over 19 years of age & wish to receive sexually oriented material.

Exclusive OFFER!!!

SAMPLE MERCHANDISE AT A FRACTION OF ITS ORIGINAL PRICE!

Just So You Can See The Great Products We Have To Offer...

PLUS!!! We Guarantee Every Item to be Brand New, All Color, Uncensored Hardcore, or Double Your Money Back!



All-Color HARDWARE Magazines

□✓ All Twenty
ONLY \$10.00!

Absolutely Brand New & Printed on Heavy Gloss Paper. \$15 Cover Prices Each.

20 Assorted Mags Available

SENSATIONAL New Video Tapes

□✓ All Five Video's
ONLY \$15.00!

Approx. 60 Mins. Each, 5 Hours of Hardcore Sex!

Featuring Tina Marie, Cara Lott, Cody Nicole, Laurie Smith, Janey Robbins, Linda Shaw, Kay Parker, Tiffany Clark, Serena And More!!!

5 Assorted Video's Available



8MM & Super 8 COLOR Hardcore Films

□✓ All Six Films
ONLY \$12.00!!!

All Films Fit Standard 200 Ft. Projectors. Featuring Annette Haven, Seka, Aunt Peg, Lisa De Leeuw & More!!!

6 Assorted Films Available

MIX N' MATCH FOR GREATER SAVINGS!!!

1 □✓ All 20 MAGAZINES & 5 VIDEO'S Only \$21.00 (SAVE \$4.00)	2 □✓ All 20 MAGAZINES & 6 FILMS ONLY \$21.00 (SAVE!!!)	3 □✓ All 20 MAGAZINES & All 5 VIDEO'S & All 6 FILMS ONLY \$30.00 (SAVE \$7.00)
---	---	---

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER - CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

DUNNS DISTRIBUTING, Dept. A-36

664 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1010-2M40, Chicago, Illinois 60611

RUSH Items Indicated. I enclose \$ _____ Plus P & H.
□ MONEY ORDER □ CHECK ... as Payment in Full.

Canadians Remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s.
□ Send C.O.D. I Enclose \$5 Extra. Plus \$3 Postage & Handling.

ADD \$3 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.
PLEASE SPECIFY: □✓ VHS □✓ BETA □✓ 8mm □✓ Super 8

NAME (Print) _____
ADDRESS/APT _____
CITY _____
STATE/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE _____
I Am Over 19 Years of Age and Request This Material.

BI-SEXUAL MAGAZINES

EXPLICIT
Action From
SWEDISH
EROTICA

2 Guys & 1 Gal go
at it in ways you
never thought you
would see. Full
8 1/2 x 11" size,
100% Glossy
Color.

- ☐ THIS EXACT
BI-MAG\$7
☐ 3 OTHER
BI-MAGS, OUR
CHOICE ...\$16
☐ BOTH,
ONLY \$21.

Add 50¢ per mag
for postage & handling.

MARK'S, Box 1267, Studio City, CA 91604

BISEXUAL TRIO



SWEDISH CHICKIES

in action films
and magazines

large catalog \$2.00
sample mag \$4.00
full color - air mailed
money order, please

We have what's
forbidden in USA

DENNIS Co.
BOX 94-61600 ABY
SWEDEN



STARVING ACTRESS NEEDS TO EARN

\$

OVER THE PHONE

Ask for SUSIE -
"I'LL MAKE
YOU CUM!"

FREE Long Distance Call Backs/MC-VISA-AMEX

(818) 789-4150

HEADS or TAILS?

You choose ... Oral or Anal

VISA
AE
M/C



(213) 854-3425

Direct Call Back upon request

ATTENTION: VIDEO COLLECTORS! A Public Announcement from California Video Prod.

90 MINUTE XXX-RATED HARDCORE!!

ONLY \$9 EACH
(This is Not a Misprint)

AS PART OF A MOST UNUSUAL PUBLIC-
ITY CAMPAIGN, California Video Prod. is
making available a limited number of its NEW-
EST, UNRELEASED XXX-rated hard-core er-
otica for only \$9 each. They are being offered
prior to theater distribution and are the LAT-
EST, PRE-PRODUCTION, PRE-RELEASE
video treatments of the hottest, most sexually
explicit screen stories ever slated for the X-
rated market—written & conceived for the big-
gest name stars in the tradition of Seka, John
Holmes, and Marilyn Chambers.

THESE ARE NOT SLICED TOGETHER
video treatments with a hodge-podge of in-
complete bits & pieces. These are complete
90-minute stories from start to finish. Each is
separate & individually packaged. WE CERTI-
FY THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE GOVERN-
MENT MAKES US DO TO CENSOR THEM
PRIOR TO DISTRIBUTION, WHAT YOU GET
WILL BE THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT SCRIPT AS
IT WAS MEANT TO BE ENJOYED.

HOW CAN WE MAKE THIS OFFER AT
THIS PRICE? It's simple. We're betting that
the excitement generated by this campaign will
pay off later—with huge box-office receipts
and runaway video sales. However, to keep
processing costs down, we must request that
you order at least 3 selections.

BUT THERE IS A CATCH—All we ask in
return for making this adult entertainment
available to you is that you fill out & return the
questionnaire you'll be receiving with your or-
der. (It needn't be signed.) Your responses to
our questions will be a tremendous help to us
in producing X-rated pictures the public will
want. In fact, **your response** is the whole aim
of this campaign. The more selections you re-
view the more valuable your input becomes.

Therefore, to encourage you to review as
many selections as possible, we are going to
offer an additional bonus.

FREE-FREE If you order all 8 selections,
you will receive, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the
"California Sex Spectacular," our collector's
edition video-tape of the Best of Sex, featuring
no less than 25 of your favorite stars in the
wildest, hottest action you'll ever see. Sold na-
tionally for \$99, but yours FREE for ordering
all 8. FREE TICKETS—For each title you
order, you'll receive 2 FREE Souvenir Tickets
to the local theater premiere.

CHOOSE FROM THESE SELECTIONS—
These XXX film treatments were written & con-
ceived for big-name casts in the tradition of stars
like these.

1. "JAMMING IT"—Wild adventures of female
rock group who excels on the "skin flute"!
Seka, John Holmes.
2. "FAST & FURIOUS"—Marilyn Chambers—
stock-car racer with lust in high gear!
3. "CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS"—2 city girls
get jobs on farm & get their cherries plucked!
Anna Ventura, Pia Snow.
4. "ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN"—Teacher in-
herits 12-inch candle that turns her into a slut!
Jesie St. James.
5. "SLIPPERY WHEN WET"—Slipping, sliding
adventures of female mud wrestlers. Lisa
DeLeeuw, Rhonda Jo Petty.
6. "LET ME SHOW YOU HOW"—Bridget Mo-
net as private masseuse specializing in mas-
saging "love muscles"!
7. "TIGHT SITUATIONS"—2 wild & sexy girls
compete for the "tightest fit" prize! Annette Ha-
ven, Oral Annie.
8. "ALL THE WAY UP"—Exclusive swinger's
club headquartered in elevator of a high-rise!
Veronica Hart, Eric Edwards.

APPLICATION / SURVEY FORM

TO OBTAIN
YOUR SELECTIONS:
You must fill out & re-
turn this application
and survey form. Photo-
copies will not be
accepted.

PRICES:
Any 3 selections - \$27
Four - \$36 • Five - \$45
Six - \$54 • Seven - \$63
All 8 selections - \$72

LIMITED OFFER
ONE TIME ONLY
Re-orders cannot be
accepted. Limit of 8
selections per house-
hold.

Please make your selections
below. (Minimum of 3, please.)

- ☐ JAMMING IT
☐ FAST AND FURIOUS
☐ CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS
☐ ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN
☐ SLIPPERY WHEN WET
☐ LET ME SHOW YOU HOW
☐ TIGHT SITUATIONS
☐ ALL THE WAY UP
I own a: ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
☐ Yes! I qualify for the
BONUS videotape.

Age: _____ Sex: _____ Date: _____
Canadian residents remit
in U.S. funds.
PLEASE ADD CORRECT SALES TAX

CALIFORNIA VIDEO PRODS. Dept. 5013
9903 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212

Gentlemen: Rush items indicated. I enclose \$ _____
☐ Check ☐ M.O. as payment in full.

POSTAGE & HANDLING: You must add \$1 for EACH
selection you request. NO C.O.D.

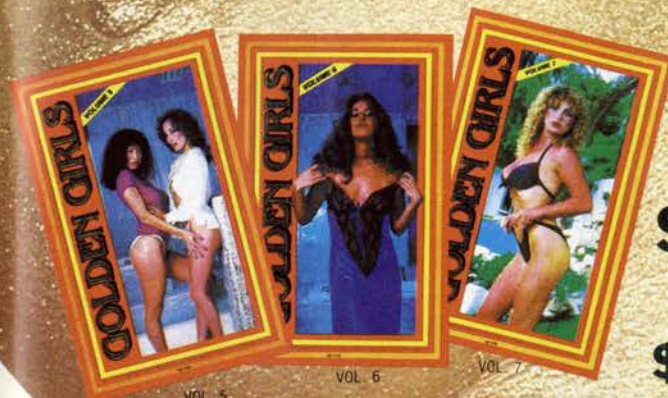
YOU MUST READ & SIGN THIS:
I declare I am an adult of at least 18 years of age, interested in
receiving sexually-oriented material for use in my own home. I
promise not to copy or duplicate this material.

Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

Why pay the regular price of \$59.95?

WOW! LESS THAN \$25⁰⁰ each in quantity FOR GOLDEN GIRL VIDEOS

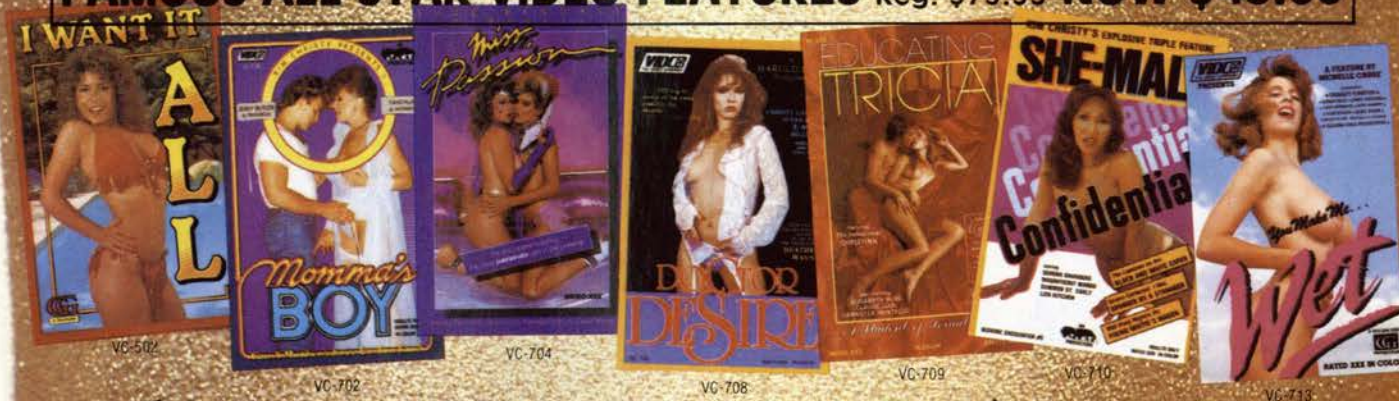
THE HOTTEST ONE-HOUR TAPES! TOTALLY EXPLICIT! FAMOUS STARS! GREAT SEX ACTION!



All these
**GOLDEN
GIRLS**
Videos only
\$29.95
each!
Or **4** for
\$99.95!!!



FAMOUS ALL-STAR VIDEO FEATURES Reg. \$79.95 **NOW \$45.00**



**1985
Magazine
Special**

All these color mags,
were \$17.50 now only **\$7.00**
each.



or all 5 for
\$35.00
we'll pay postage!!!

SEND TO:
PLEASUREMART
17029 DEVONSHIRE ST., SUITE 155
NORTHRIDGE, CA 91325

PLEASE CHECK ONE: ☐ BETA ☐ VHS
☐ VOL. 5, \$29.95 ☐ VC-502, \$45.00
☐ VOL. 6, \$29.95 ☐ VC-702, \$45.00
☐ VOL. 7, \$29.95 ☐ VC-704, \$45.00
☐ VOL. 10, \$29.95 ☐ VC-708, \$45.00
☐ VOL. 15, \$29.95 ☐ VC-709, \$45.00
☐ VOL. 18, \$29.95 ☐ VC-710, \$45.00
☐ VC-713, \$45.00

MAGAZINES
☐ VF-100, \$7.00 ☐ 5001, \$7.00
☐ VF-101, \$7.00 ☐ VF-102, \$7.00
☐ VF-103, \$7.00

**TO ORDER
CALL
TOLL-FREE
1-800-
528-6050
Ext. 1869**

(Have MasterCard
or Visa No. Ready)

Total Order _____

Calif. Residents
Add 6 1/2 % _____

Shipping and
handling
\$3.00 per order _____

TOTAL _____

Void in states where prohibited: Texas, Tennessee, Florida.

☐ **Enclosed is \$3.00 for the big
PLEASURE MART sex catalog**
(\$3.00 will be credited to your first purchase.)

FOREIGN ORDERS USE INTER-
NATIONAL MONEY ORDERS
IN U.S. DOLLARS ONLY.

ENCLOSE CHECK OR
MONEY ORDER
☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____
mo. year

SIGNATURE _____

I HEREBY STATE THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE AND DE-
SIRE TO RECEIVE SEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIAL FOR MY
OWN USE.

H3-86

STAY ALERT

STIMULANT PRODUCTS



\$25.00 PER 1,000

★ SPECIAL PRICES ★

100'S - VARIETY PACK - STRIP PACKS
CALL FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

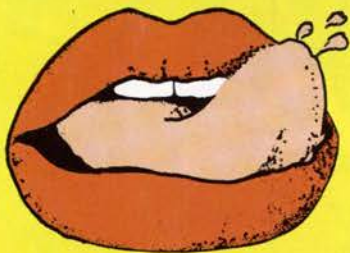
- # 1 Blue & Clear Capsule
- # 3 Small Yellow Capsule
- # 5 30/30 Tablet
- # 6 Large Black Capsule
- # 7 Triple Layer Magnum (Longer Acting)
- # 8 Pink Tablet (Heart)
- # 10 Magnum Tablet
- # 13 Green & Clear Capsule
- # 15 20/20 Tablet
- # 16 Small Cross Tablet
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- # 18 Large Red and Black Capsule
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TOLL FREE **800-645-1441** 24 HRS

IN N.Y. (516) 589-1131

CAUTION: Persons under medical care should consult their physician. Products not intended for repackaging or resale.

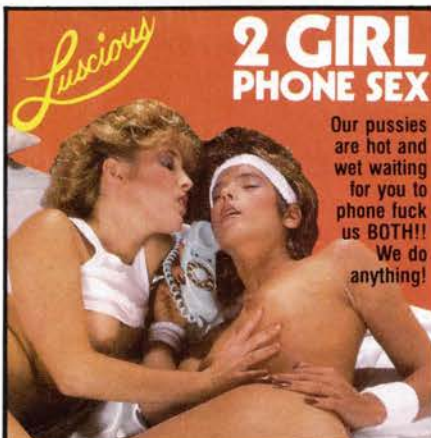
THE ULTIMATE IN ORAL PHONE SEX



TINA : (212) 245-6222

7 days-24 hours MASTER/VISA only

PRE-PAYMENT: 3 calls for \$100. Send check or M.O. to P.A. Inc. P.O. Box 1098 N.Y. 10101



2 GIRL PHONE SEX

Our pussies are hot and wet waiting for you to phone fuck us BOTH!! We do anything!

(213) 934-3217

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

Ultimate Telephone Torture



DOMINANT PHONE SEX

"Tongue-Fuck my succulent pussy and drink up my juices while you masturbate your throbbing cock . . . you cunt-hungry fucker!"

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

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BOSTON, MASS.
(617) 266-9302
SEATTLE, WASH.
(206) 467-6655
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
(612) 338-7028
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(602) 252-0119
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(313) 949-6840
DENVER, COL.
(303) 623-4214
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(301) 933-2690



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(404) 432-4160
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
(415) 362-3118
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
(215) 925-2168
KANSAS CITY, MO.
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(901) 527-0605
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(202) 463-3064
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(216) 781-1696
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Call in **YOUR AREA** to explore your most intimate fantasies with a beautiful, sexy, uninhibited woman.

Call now for a sizzling-hot conversation!

MC/VISA

24 HOURS

ANAL SEX

An OUTRAGEOUS Magazine
And Video Collection !!!

#1 Guaranteed Hardcore!

EUST MY BUTT
Blonde Bombshells
Who Bend Over
For
BIG COCK!
FULL COLOR

#2
X-Rated Film Stars
Wild, Savage
DOUBLE
PENETRATION!
★ ALL ★
HARDCORE

#3 Frenzied
BUTT FUCKING
With Explicit
Anal Cum Shots!
32 PAGES OR
MORE EACH

The #4
ANAL QUEEN
in Explosive
HARDCORE
ACTION!
GUARANTEED
UNCENSORED!!!
or Your Moneyback!

Two 60 Min.
Video Tapes

Featuring
Savage Anal Sex!

VIDEO #1: Two sex-starved rock
promoters literally tear a bud-
ding young singer in half!
Stars Erica Boyer

VIDEO #2: A sizzling 4-way
with a 12" cock pounding a
pert, juicy ass slit!
Stars Erica Boyer & Cara Lott

Your Cost
ONLY \$15.00!
each, when purchasing both video's.

TO ORDER, COMPLETE COUPON BELOW:

Introductory Discount Prices

Check Selections: ☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4
☐ Any 1 @ \$8 ☐ Any 2 @ \$13 ☐ All 4 @ \$18
☐ Video's-Only \$20. ☐ #1-#2 VHS ☐ BETA

★★★SPECIAL OFFERS★★★

☐ Two Video's Plus Any FREE! Mag - \$30
☐ 4 Mags & Two Video's - Only \$38! **SAVE!**
☐ VHS ☐ BETA

PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS A-36
P.O. BOX M-827 ★ GARY, INDIANA 46401-0827

GENTLEMEN! Please Send the Item(s) Indicated.

Enclose \$ ☐ Note: Add \$3 for Post & Handling.

☐ M.O. ☐ Check ☐ Fastest Service w/ Cash or M.O.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I Enclose \$5 Extra as Deposit.

Foreign Orders Payable in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s

Name (Print) _____

Address/Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please Sign: I certify I am over 18 years of age and believe

this material to be within the "Community Standards"

of my locale.

Signature _____

Age _____ Date _____

Video **\$8.50**
FEATURETTES **EACH**
IN **QUANTITY**

We represent major adult video producers. Since we sell only by mail, with low overhead, our costs are reduced, and we pass these savings on to you! You can save up to 90% off full retail, on these popular new video programs. Normally priced at \$89.95 ea. — These are not old movies but brand new features starring the most popular adult stars in films today! All video's are approx. 60 minutes each. Full color & sync sound — complete with original music — 100% uncensored, no ratings, rentals or returns.

CUM TICKERS
Vol. #1
Starring
Tina Marie,
Blake Palmer,
Laven St. James

Vol. #2
Starring
Rosemary,
Linda Shaw,
Craig Roberts

Vol. #3
Starring
Serena,
Becky Savage

Vol. #4
Starring
Cara Lott,
Bon Jeremy,
Cody Nicole

Vol. #5
Starring
Janey Robbins,
Mark Wallace,
Erica Boyer

Vol. #6
Starring
Kay Parker,
Eric Edwards,
Tamara

Vol. #7
Starring
Julie Smith,
Bico Vespa,
Tracey Donovan

Vol. #8
Starring
Karen Summer,
Richard Brooks,
Lisa DeLeew

ANAL INVASION
VIDEO CASSETTE - RATED FILM

LESBIAN LUST

PULSATING PUSSIES

BUSTY BABE

ANAL BABES

CREAMIN' CURTS

SLUTS

SEX GODDESSES

CUM ALL OVER

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed If not completely satisfied, simply return the merchandise for full credit against future purchases!

PRICES
☐ One \$20 ☐ Two \$28 ☐ Special
☐ Four \$39 ☐ Six \$55 ☐ All Eight \$68

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER - CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

ACTION VIDEO Dept. A-36

P.O. Box M-827, Gary, Indiana 46401-0827

RUSH Items Indicated, I Enclose \$ ☐ Plus P & H.

☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK as Payment in Full.

Canadians Remit in U.S. Funds. No Foreign C.O.D.'s.

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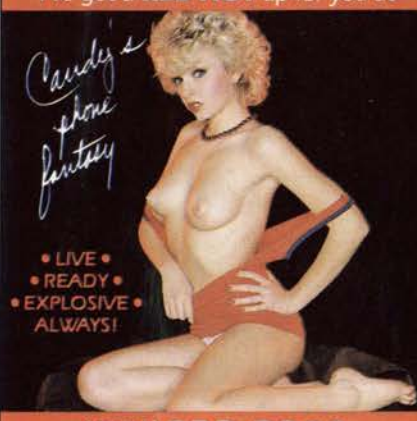


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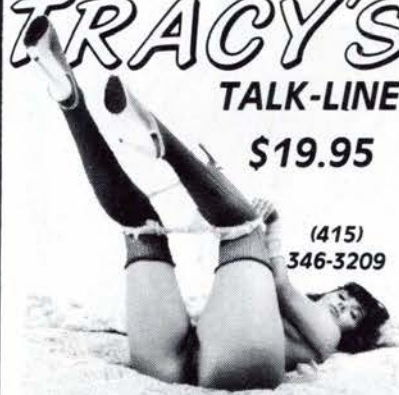
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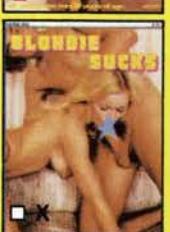
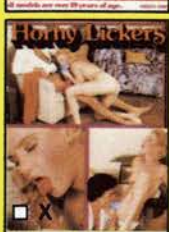
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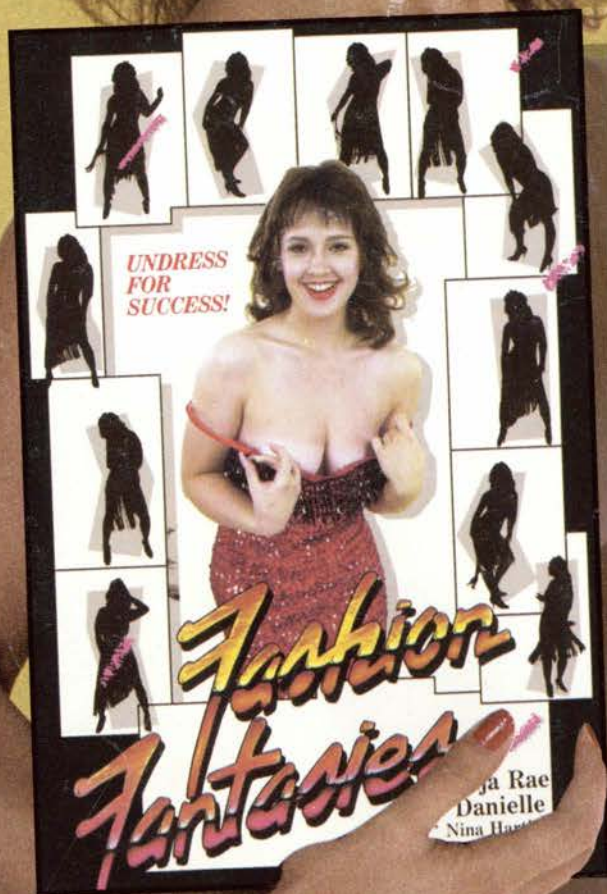
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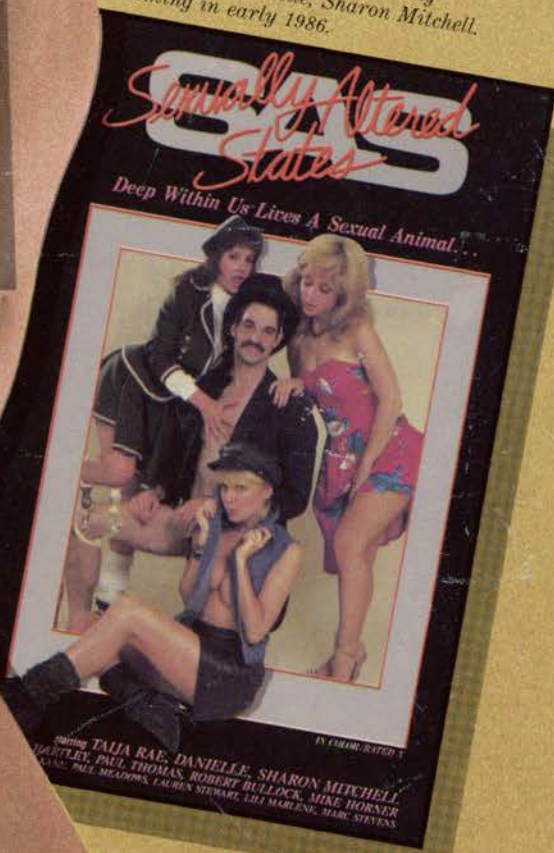
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